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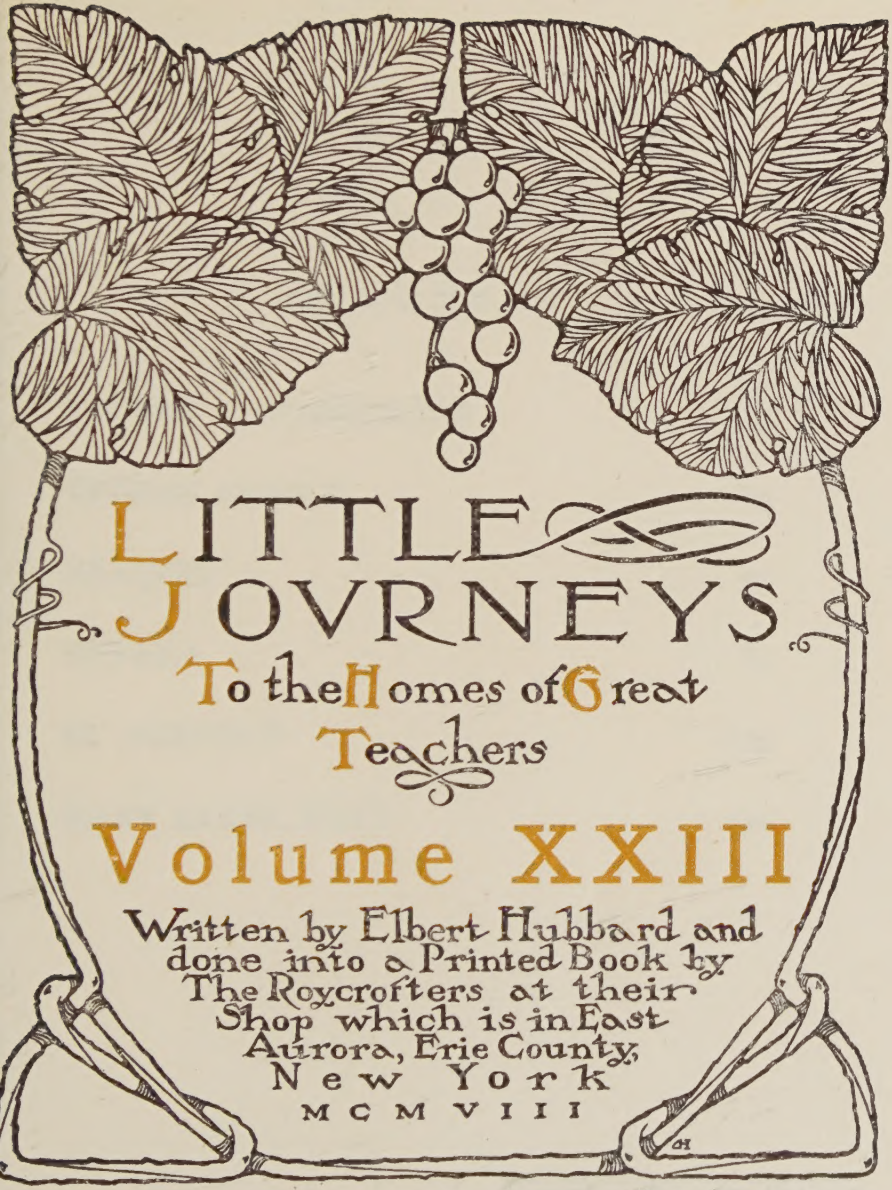

LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of Great Teachers

Volume XXIII

Written by Elbert Hubbard and done into a Printed Book by The Roycrofters at their Shop which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York

MCMVIII

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BOOKER T WASHINGTON

THERE is something in human nature which always makes people reward merit, no matter under what color of skin merit is found. I have found, too, that it is the visible, the tangible, that goes a long way in softening prejudices. The actual sight of a good house that a Negro has built is ten times more potent than pages of discussion about a house that he ought to build, or perhaps could build

The individual who can do something that the world wants done, will in the end, make his way regardless of his race.

—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

LITTLE JOURNEYS

THIS is a story about a Negro. The story has the peculiarity of being true. The man was born a slave in Virginia. His mother was a slave, and was thrice sold in the market-place. This man is Booker T. Washington.

The name Booker was a fanciful one given to the lad by playmates on account of his love for a certain chance dog-eared spelling-book. Before this he was only Mammy's Pet. The T. stood for nothing, but later a happy thought made it Taliaferro.

Most Negroes, fresh from slavery, stood sponsor to themselves, and chose the name Washington; if not this, then Lincoln, Clay or Webster.

This lad when but a child, being suddenly asked for his name, exclaimed, "Washington," and stuck to it.

The father of this boy was a white man, but children always take the status of the mother, so Booker T. Washington is a Negro, and proud of it, as he should be, for he is standard by performance, even if not by pedigree.

This Negro's father is represented by the sign X. By remaining in obscurity the fond father threw away his one chance for immortality. We do not even know his name, his social position, or his previous condition of turpitude. We assume he was happily married and respectable. Concerning him

legend is silent, and fable dumb. As for the child, we are not certain whether he was born in 1858 or 1859, and we know not the day or the month. There were no signs in the East. ¶ The mother lived in a log cabin of one room, say ten by twelve. This room was also a kitchen, for the mother was cook to the farm-hands of her owner. There were no windows and no floor in the cabin save the hard-trodden clay. There was a table, a bench and a big fireplace. There were no beds, and the children at night simply huddled and cuddled in a pile of straw and rags in the corner. Doubtless they had enough food, for they ate the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table—who, by the way, was n't so very rich.

One of the earliest recollections of Black Baby Booker was of being awakened in the middle of the night by his mother to eat fried chicken. Imagine the picture—it is past midnight. No light in the room save the long, flickering streaks that dance on the rafters. Outside the wind makes mournful, sighing melody. In the corner huddled the children, creeping close together with intertwining arms to get the warmth of each little half-naked body.

The dusky mother moves swiftly, deftly, half frightened at her task. ¶ She has come in from the night with a chicken! Where did she get it? Hush! Where do you suppose oppressed colored people get chickens!

She picks the bird—prepares it for the skillet—fries it over the coals. And then when it is done just right, Maryland style, this mother full of mother-love, an ingredient which God never omits, shakes each little piccaninny into wakeful-

ness, and gives him the forbidden dainty—drumstick, wishbone, gizzard, white meat, or the part that went through the fence last—anything but the neck.

Feathers, bones—waste are thrown into the fireplace, and what the village editor calls the "devouring element" hides all trace of the crime. Then all lie down to sleep, until the faint flush of pink comes into the East, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the mountain tops.

THIS ex-slave remembers a strange and trying time, when all of the colored folk on the plantation were notified to assemble at the "big house." They arrived and stood around in groups, waiting and wondering, talking in whispers. The master came out, and standing on the veranda, read from a paper in a tremulous voice. Then he told them that they were all free, and shook hands with each. Everybody cried. However, they were very happy in spite of the tears, for freedom to them meant heaven—a heaven of rest. Yet they bore only love towards their former owners. ¶ Most of them began to wander—they thought they had to leave their old quarters. In a few

days the wisest came back and went to work just as usual. Booker T.'s mother quit work for just half a day. ¶ But in a little while her husband arrived—a colored man to whom she had been married years before, and who had been sold and sent away. Now he came and took her and the little monochrome brood, and they all started away for West Virginia where they heard that colored men were hired to work in coal-mines and were paid wages in real money.

It took months and months to make the journey. They carried all their belongings in bundles. They had no horses—no cows—no wagon—they walked. If the weather was pleasant they slept out-of-doors, if it rained they sought a tobacco shed, a barn, or the friendly side of a straw-stack. For food they depended on a little corn meal they carried, with which the mother made pone cakes in the ashes of a camp-fire. Kind colored people on the way replenished the meal-bag, for colored people are always generous to the hungry and needy if they have anything to be generous with. Then Providence sent stray, ownerless chickens their way, at times, just as the Children of Israel were fed on quails in the wilderness. Once they caught a possum—and there was a genuine banquet where the children ate until they were tight as drums.

Finally they reached the promised land of West Virginia, and at the little village of Malden, near Charleston, where a man by the name of John Brown was hanged, they stopped, for here was the coal-mine and the salt-works, where colored men were hired and paid in real money.

Booker's stepfather found a job, and he also found a job for little Booker. They had nothing to live on until pay-day, so the kind man who owned the mine allowed them to get things at the store on credit. This was a brand-new experience—and no doubt they bought a few things they did not need, for prices and values were absolutely out of their realm. Besides, they did not know how much wages they were to get, neither could they figure the prices of the things they bought. At any rate, when pay-day came they were still in debt, so they saw no real money—and certainly little Booker at this time of his life never did.

ENERAL LEWIS RUFFNER owned the salt-works and the coal-mine where little Booker worked. He was stern, severe, strict. But he believed Negroes were human beings, and there were those then who disputed the proposition.

Ruffner organized a night-school for his helpers, and let a couple of his bookkeepers teach it. At this time there was not a colored person in the neighborhood who could spell cat, much less write his name. A few could count five. Booker

must have been about ten years old when one day he boasted a bit of his skill in mathematics. The foreman told him to count the loads of coal as they came out of the mine. The boy started in bravely, "One—two—three—four—dere goes one, dere goes anoder, anoder, anoder, anoder, anoder!"

The foreman laughed.

The boy was abashed, then chagrined. "Send me to the night-school and in a month I 'll show you how to count!"

The foreman wrote the lad an order which admitted him to the night-school.

But now there was another difficulty—the boy worked until nine o'clock at night, the last hour's work being to sweep out the office. The night-school began at nine o'clock and it was two miles away.

The lad scratched his head and thought and thought. A great idea came to him—he would turn the office clock ahead half an hour. He could then leave at nine o'clock, and by running part of the way could get to school at exactly nine o'clock.

The scheme worked for two days, when one of the clerks in the office said that a spook was monkeying with the clock. They tried the plan of locking the case, and all was well.

Booker must have been about twelve years old, goin' on thirteen, when one day as he lay on his back in the coal-mine, pushing out the broken coal with his feet, he overheard two men telling of a very wonderful school, where colored people were taught to read, write, and cypher, too, also to speak in public. The scholars were allowed to work part of the time to pay for their board.

The lad crawled close in the darkness and listened to the conversation. He caught the names "Hampton" and "Armstrong." Whether Armstrong was the place and Hampton was the name of the man, he could not make out, but he clung to the names.

Here was a school for colored people—he would go there! That night he told his mother about it. She laughed, patted his kinky head, and indulged him in his dream.

She was only a poor black woman—she could not spell ab, nor count to ten, but she had a plan for her boy—he would some day be a preacher.

This was the very height of her imagination—a preacher! Beyond this there was nothing in human achievement.

The night-school came after a day of fourteen hours' work. Little Booker sat on a bench, his feet dangling about a foot from the floor. As he sat there one night trying hard to drink in knowledge, he went to sleep. He nodded, braced up, nodded again, and then pitched over in a heap on the floor, to the great amusement of the class, and his own eternal shame.

The next day, however, as he was feeling very sorrowful over his sad experience, he heard that Mrs. Ruffner wanted a boy for general work at the big house.

Here was a chance—Mrs. Ruffner was a Vermont Yankee, which meant that she had a great nose for dirt, and would not stand a "sassy nigger." Her reputation had gone abroad, and of how she pinched the ears of her "help," and got them up at exactly a certain hour, and even made them use soap and water at least once a day, and even compelled them to

to use a tooth-brush; all this was history, well defined. ¶ Booker said he could please her even if she was a Yankee. He applied for the job and got it, with wages fixed at a dollar a week, with a promise of twenty-five cents extra every week, if he did his work without talking back and breaking a tray of dishes.

GENIUS! No hovel is safe from it!" says Whistler.

Genius consists in doing the right thing without being told more than three times.

Booker silently studied the awful Yankee woman to see what she really wanted. He finally decided that she desired her servants to have clean skins, fairly neat clothing, do things promptly, finish the job and keep still when they had nothing to say.

He set himself to please her—and he did.

She loaned him books, gave him a lead-pencil, and showed him how to write with a pen without smearing his hands and face with ink.

He told her of his dream and asked about Armstrong and Hampton. She told him that Armstrong was the man and

Hampton the place. ¶ At last he got her consent to leave and go to Hampton.

When he started she gave him a comb, a tooth-brush, two handkerchiefs and a pair of shoes. He had been working for her for a year, and she thought, of course, he saved his wages. He never told her that his money had gone to keep the family, because his stepfather had been on a strike and therefore out of work.

So the boy started away for Hampton. It was five hundred miles away. He did n't know how far five hundred miles is—nobody does unless he has walked it.

He had three dollars, so he gaily paid for a seat in the stage. At the end of the first day he was forty miles from home and out of money. He slept in a barn and a colored woman handed him a ham bone and a chunk of bread out of the kitchen window, and looked the other way.

He trudged on East—always and forever East—towards the rising sun.

He walked weeks—months—years, he thought. He kept no track of the days ❧ He carried his shoes as a matter of economy ❧ ❧

Finally he sold the shoes for four dollars to a man who paid him ten cents cash down, and promised to pay the rest when they should meet at Hampton. Nearly forty years have passed and they have never met.

On he walked—on and on—East, and always forever East. ¶ He reached the city of Richmond, the first big city he had ever seen. The wide streets—the sidewalks—the street lamps

entranced him. It was just like heaven. But he was hungry and penniless, and when he looked wistfully at a pile of cold fried chicken on a street stand and asked the price of a drumstick, at the same time telling he had no money, he discovered he was not in heaven at all. He was called a lazy nigger and told to move on.

Later he made the discovery that a "nigger" is a colored person who has no money.

He pulled the piece of rope that served him for a belt a little tighter, and when no one was looking, crawled under a sidewalk and went to sleep, disturbed only by the tramping overhead ⁂ ⁂

When he awoke he saw he was near the dock, where a big ship pushed its bowsprit out over the street. Men were unloading bags and boxes from the boat. He ran down and asked the mate if he could help. "Yes!" was the gruff answer.

He got in line and went staggering under the heavy loads ⁂ He was little, but strong, and best of all, willing, yet he reeled at the work.

"Have you had any breakfast? Yes, you liver-colored boy—you, I say, have you had your breakfast?"

"No, sir," said the boy, "and no supper last night nor dinner yesterday!"

"Well, I reckoned as much. Now you take this quarter and go over to that stand and buy you a drumstick, a cup of coffee and two fried-cakes!"

The lad did n't need urging. He took the money in his palm, went over to the man who the night before had called him a

lazy nigger, and showing the silver, picked out his piece of chicken.

The man hastened to wait on him, and said it was a fine day and hoped he was well.

ARRIVING at Hampton, this colored boy, who had tramped the long weary miles, stood abashed before the big brick building which he knew was Hampton Institute.

He was so little—the place was so big—by what right could he ask to be admitted?

Finally he boldly entered, and in a voice meant to be firm, but which was very shaky, said, "I am here!" and pointed to the bosom of his hickory shirt.

The Yankee woman motioned him to a chair. Negroes coming there were plentiful. Usually they wanted to live the Ideal Life. They had a call to preach—and the girls wanted to be music teachers.

The test was simple and severe: would they and could they do one useful piece of work well?

Booker sat and waited, not knowing that his patience was being put to the test.

Then Miss Priscilla in a hard Neill Burgess voice "guessed" that the adjoining recitation room needed sweeping and dusting. She handed Booker a broom and dust-cloth, motioned to the room, and went away.

Oho! Little did she know her lad. The colored boy smiled to himself—sweeping and dusting were his specialties—he had learned the trade from a Yankee woman from Vermont! He smiled. ¶ Then he swept that room—moved every chair, the table, the desk ☙ He dusted each piece of furniture four times. He polished each rung and followed around the base-board on hands and knees.

Miss Priscilla came back—pushed the table around and saw at once that the dirt had not been concealed beneath it. She took out her handkerchief and wiped the table top, then the desk ☙ ☙

She turned, looked at the boy, and her smile met his half-suppressed triumphant grin.

"You'll do," she said.

EN. SAMUEL C. ARMSTRONG, the founder of Hampton Institute, and the grandfather of Tuskegee, was a white man who fought the South valiantly and well.

He seems about the only man in the North, who, at the close of the war, clearly realized that the war had just begun—that the real enemies were not subdued, and that these enemies were ignorance, superstition and incompetence.

The pitiable condition of four million human beings, flung from slavery into freedom, thrown upon their own resources, with no thought of responsibility, and with no preparation for the change, meant for them only another kind of slavery. General Armstrong's heart went out to them—he desired to show them how to be useful, helpful, self-reliant, healthy. For the whites of the South he had only high regard and friendship. He, of all men, knew how they had suffered from the war—and he realized also that they had fought for what they believed was right. In his heart there was no hate. He resolved to give himself—his life—fortune—his intellect—his love, his all, for the upbuilding of the South. He saw with the vision of a prophet that indolence and pride were the actual enemies of white and black alike. The blacks must be taught to work—to know the dignity of human labor—to

serve society—to help themselves by helping others. He realized that there are no menial tasks—that all which serves is sacred.

And this is the man who sowed the seeds of truth in the heart of the nameless black boy—Booker Washington. Armstrong's shibboleth, too, was, "With malice toward none, but with charity for all, let us finish the work God has given us to do."

DO not know very much about this subject of education, yet I believe I know as much about what others know about it as most people. I have visited the principal colleges of America and Europe, and the methods of Preparatory and High Schools are to me familiar. I know the Night-schools of the cities, the "Ungraded Rooms," the Schools for Defectives, the educational schemes in prisons, the Manual Training Schools, the New Education (first suggested by Socrates) as carried out by G. Stanley Hall, John Dewey, and dozens of other good men and women in America. I am familiar with that School for the Deaf at Malone, New York, and the School for

the Blind at Batavia, where even the sorely stricken are taught to be self-sufficient, self-supporting and happy. I have tumbled down the circular fire escape at Lapeer with the inmates of the Home of Epileptics, and heard the shouts of laughter from lips that never laughed before. I have seen the Jewish Manual Training School of Chicago transform Russian refugees into useful citizens—capable, earnest and excellent. I know a little about Swarthmore, Wellesley, Vassar, Radcliffe, and have put my head into West Point and Annapolis, and had nobody cry, "Genius!"

Of Harvard, Yale and Princeton I know something, having done time in each. I have also given jobs to graduates of Oxford, Cambridge and Heidelberg, to my sorrow and their chagrin. This does not prove that graduates of the great universities are, as a rule, out of work, or that they are incompetent. It simply means that it is possible for a man to graduate at these institutions and secure his diploma and yet be a man who has nothing the world really wants, either in way of ideas or services.

The reason that my "cum lauda" friends did not like me, and the cause of my having to part with them—getting them a little free transportation from your Uncle George—was not because they lacked intelligence, but because they wanted to secure a position, while I simply offered them a job.

They were like Cave-of-the-Winds of Oshkosh, who is an ice-cutter in August, and in winter is an out-of-door horticulturist—a hired man is something else.

As a general proposition, I believe this will not now be

disputed: The object of education is that a man may benefit himself by serving society.

To benefit others, you must be reasonably happy: there must be animation through useful activity, good cheer, kindness and health—health of mind and health of body. And to benefit society you must also have patience, persistency, and a firm determination to do the right thing, and to mind your own business so that others, too, may mind theirs. Then all should be tinctured with a dash of discontent with past achievements, so you will constantly put forth an effort to do more and better work.

When what you have done in the past looks large to you, you have n't done much to-day.

So there you get the formula of Education: health and happiness through useful activity—animation, kindness, good cheer, patience, persistency, willingness to give and take, seasoned with enough discontent to prevent smugness, which is the scum that grows over every stagnant pond.

Of course no college can fill this prescription—no institution can supply the ingredients—all that the college can do is to supply the conditions so that these things can spring into being. Plants need the sunlight—mushrooms are different.

The question is, then, what teaching concern in America supplies the best quality of actinic ray?

And I answer, Tuskegee is the place, and Booker Washington is the man. "What!" you exclaim, "The Ideal School a school for Negroes, instituted by a Negro, where only Negroes teach, and only Negroes are allowed to enter as students?"

And the answer is, "Exactly so." ¶ At Tuskegee there are nearly two thousand students, and over one hundred and fifty teachers. There are two classes of students, "Day-School" and "Night-School" students. The night-school students work all day at any kind of task they are called upon to do. They receive their board, clothing and a home—they pay no tuition, but are paid for their labor, the amount being placed to their credit, so when fifty dollars is accumulated they can enter as "Day Students."

The "Day Students" make up the bulk of the scholars. Each pays fifty dollars a year. These all work every other day at manual labor or some useful trade. ¶ Tuskegee has fully twice as many applicants as it can accommodate; but there is one kind of applicant who never receives any favor. This is the man who says he has the money to pay his way, and wishes to take the academic course only. The answer always is, "Please go elsewhere—there are plenty of schools that want your money. The fact that you have money will not exempt you here from useful labor."

This is exactly what every college in the world should say. The Tuskegee farm consists of about three thousand acres. There are four hundred head of cattle, about five hundred hogs, two hundred horses, great flocks of chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys, and many swarms of bees. It is the intention to raise all the food that is consumed on the place, and to manufacture all supplies. There are wagon-shops, a saw-mill, a harness-shop, a shoe-shop, a tailor-shop, a printing plant, a model laundry, a canning establishment. Finer fruit

and vegetables I have never seen, and the thousands of peach, plum and apple trees, and the vast acreage of berries that have been planted, will surely some day be a goodly source of revenue.

The place is religious, but not dogmatically so—the religion being merely the natural safety-valve for emotion. At Tuskegee there is no lachrymose appeal to confess your sins—they do better—they forget them.

I never heard more inspiring congregational singing, and the use of the piano, organ, orchestra and brass band are important factors in the curriculum. In the chapel I spoke to an audience so attentive, so alert, so receptive, so filled with animation, that the whole place looked like a vast advertisement for Sozodont.

No prohibitive signs are seen at Tuskegee. All is affirmative, yet it is understood that some things are tabu—tobacco, for instance, and strong drink, of course.

We have all heard of Harvard Beer and Yale Mixture, but be it said in sober justice, Harvard runs no brewery, and Yale has no official brand of tobacco. Yet Harvard men consume much beer, and many men at Yale smoke. And if you want to see the cigarette fiend on his native heath, you'll find him like the locust on the campus at Cambridge and New Haven. But if you want to see the acme of all cigarette bazaars, just ride out of Boylston Street, Boston, any day at noon and watch the boys coming out of the Institute of Technology.

I once asked a Tech Professor if cigarette smoking was compulsory in his institution. "Yes," he replied, "but the rule is

not strictly enforced, as I know three students who do not smoke."

Tuskegee stands for order, system, cleanliness, industry, courtesy and usefulness. There are no sink-holes around the place, no "back yards." Everything is beautiful, wholesome and sanitary. All trades are represented ❧ The day is crammed so full of work from sunrise to sunset that there is no time for complaining, misery or fault-finding—three things that are usually born of idleness. At Tuskegee there are no servants. All of the work is done by the students and teachers—everybody works—everybody is a student, and all are teachers. ¶ We are all teachers, whether we will it or not—we teach by example, and all students who do good work are good teachers.

When the Negro is able to do skilled work, he ceases to be a problem—he is a man. The fact that Alexander Dumas was a Negro does not count against him in the world's assize.

The old-time academic college, that cultivated the cerebrum and gave a man his exercise in an indoor gymnasium, or not at all, has ruined its tens of thousands. To have top—head and no lungs—is not wholly desirable. The student was made exempt from every useful thing, just as the freshly freed slave hoped and expected to be, and after four years it was often impossible for him to take up the practical lessons of life. He had gotten used to the idea of one set of men doing all the work and another set of men having the culture. To a large degree he came to regard culture as the aim of life. And when a man begins to pride himself upon his culture, he has n't any

speak of. Culture must be merely incidental, and to clutch it is like capturing a butterfly—you do not secure the butterfly at all—you get only a grub.

Let us say right here, that there is only one way in which a Negro, or a white man, can ever make himself respected. Statute law will not do it; rights voted him by the state are of small avail; making demands will not secure the desired sesame. If we ever gain the paradise of freedom it will be because we have earned it—because we deserve it. A make-believe education may suffice for a white man—especially if he has a rich father, but a Negro who has to carve out his own destiny must be taught order, system, and quiet, persistent, useful effort.

A college that has its students devote one-half their time to actual, useful work is so in line with commonsense that we are amazed that the idea had to be put into execution by the ex-slave as a life-saver for his disenfranchised race. Our great discoveries are always accidents: we work for one thing and get another. I expect that the day will come, and ere long, when the great universities of the world will have to put the Tuskegee Idea into execution in order to save themselves from being distanced by the Colored Race.

If life were one thing and education another, it might be all right to separate them. Culture of the head over a desk, and indoor gymnastics for the body are not the ideal, and that many succeed in spite of the handicap is no proof of the excellence of the plan. Ships that go around the world accumulate many barnacles, but barnacles as a help to the

navigator is an iridescent dream. ¶ A little regular manual labor, rightly mixed with the mental, eliminates draw-poker, high-balls, brawls, broils, Harvard Beer, Yale Mixture, Princeton Pinochle, Chippee dances, hazing, roistering, rowdyism and the bull-dog propensity ¶ The Heidelberg article of cocked hat and insolent ways is not produced at Tuskegee. At Tuskegee there is no place for those who lie in wait for insults and regard scrapping as a fine art. As for college athletics at the Orthodox Universities, only one man out of ten ever does anything at it anyway—the college man who needs the gymnasium most is practically debarred from everything in it and serves as a laughing stock whenever he strips. Coffee, cocaine, bromide, tobacco and strong drink often serve in lieu of exercise and ozone, and Princeton winks her woozy eye in innocency.

Freedom cannot be bestowed—it must be achieved. Education cannot be given—it must be earned. Lincoln did not free the slaves—he only freed himself. The Negroes did not know they were slaves, and so they had no idea of what freedom meant. Until a man wants to be free, each kind of freedom is only another form of slavery. Booker Washington is showing the colored man how to secure a genuine freedom through useful activity. To get freedom you must shoulder responsibility.

If college education were made compulsory by the state, and one-half of the curriculum consisted of actual, useful manual labor, most of our social ills would be solved, and we would be well out on the highway towards the Ideal City.

Without animation, man is naught—nothing is accomplished, nothing done. People who inspire other people have animation plus.

And animation plus is ecstasy. In ecstasy the spirit rushes out, runs over and saturates all. Oratory is an ecstasy that inundates the hearer, and makes him ride upon the crest of another's ideas.

Art is born of ecstasy—art is ecstasy in the concrete. Beautiful music is ecstasy expressed in sound, regulated into rhythm, cadence and form. "Statuary is frozen music," said Heine. ¶ A man who is not moved into ecstasy by ecstasy is hopeless. A people that has not the surging, uplifting, onward power that ecstasy gives, is decadent—dead.

The Negro is easily moved to ecstasy. Very little musical training makes him a power in song. At Tuskegee the congregational singing is a feature that once heard is never to be forgotten. Fifteen hundred people lifting up their hearts in an outburst of emotion—song! Fifteen hundred people of one mind, doing anything in unison—do you know what it means? Ecstasy is essentially a matter of sex. In art and religion sex cannot be left out of the equation. The simple fact that in forty years the Negro race in America has increased from four million to ten million, tells of their ecstasy as a people. "Only happy beings reproduce themselves," says Darwin. Depress your animal and it ceases to breed, so there are a whole round of animals that do not reproduce in captivity. But in slavery or freedom the Negro sings, and reproduces—he is not doomed nor depressed—his soul arises

superior to circumstance. ¶ Without animation, education is impossible. And the problem of the educator is to direct this singing, flowing, moving spirit of the hive into useful channels.

Education is simply the encouragement of right habits—the fixing of good habits until they become a part of one's nature, and are exercised automatically.

The man who is industrious by habit is the only man who wins. The man who is not industrious except when driven to it, or when it occurs to him, accomplishes little.

Man gets his happiness by doing: and work to a slave is always distasteful. The power of mimicry and imitation is omitted—the owner does not work—the strong man does not work. Ergo—to grow strong means to cease work. To be strong means to be free—to be free means no work!

It has been a frightfully bad education that the Negro has had—work distasteful, and work disgraceful! And the slave-owner suffered most of all, for he came to regard work as debasing.

And now a Negro is teaching the Negro that work is beautiful—that work is a privilege—that only thru willing service can he ever win his freedom. Architecture is fixed ecstasy, inspired always by a strong man who gives a feeling of security. Athens was an ecstasy in marble.

Tuskegee is an ecstasy in brick and mortar.

Don't talk about the education of the Negro! The experiment has really never been tried, excepting spasmodically, of educating either the whites or blacks in the South—or elsewhere.

A Negro is laying hold upon the natural ecstasy of the Negro, and directing it into channels of usefulness and excellence. Can you foretell where this will end—this formation of habits of industry, sobriety and continued, persistent effort towards the right?

Booker Washington, child of a despised race, has done and is doing what the combined pedagogic and priestly wisdom of ages has failed to do. He is the Moses, who by his example is leading the children of his former oppressors out into the light of social, mental, moral and economic freedom.

I am familiar in detail with every criticism brought against Tuskegee. On examination these criticisms all reduce themselves down to three:

1. A vast sum of money has been collected by Booker Washington for his own aggrandisement and benefit.

2. Tuskegee is a show-place where all the really good work is done by picked men from the North.

3. Booker Washington is a tyrant, a dictator and an egotist.

If I were counsel for Tuskegee—as I am not—I would follow the example of the worthy accusers, and submit the matter without argument. Booker Washington can afford to plead guilty to every charge; and he has never belittled himself by answering his accusers.

But let the facts be known, that this man has collected upward of six million dollars, mostly from the people of the North, and has built up the nearest perfect educational institution in the world.

It is probably true that many of his teachers and best workers

are picked people—but they are Negroes, and were selected by a Negro. The great general reveals his greatness in the selection of his generals: it was the marshals whom Napoleon appointed who won for him his victories, but his spirit animated theirs, and he chose them for this one reason—he could dominate them. He infused into their souls a goodly dash of his own enthusiasm.

Booker Washington is a greater general than Napoleon. For the Tuskegee idea no Waterloo awaits. And as near as I can judge, Booker Washington's most noisy critics are merely camp-followers.

That the man is a tyrant and dictator there is no doubt. He is a beneficent tyrant, but a tyrant still, for he always, invariably, has his own way in weighty matters—in trivialities others can have theirs. And as for dictatorship, the man who advances on chaos and transforms it into cosmos, is perforce a dictator and an egotist.

Booker Washington believes he is in the right, and he makes no effort to conceal the fact that he is on earth. In him there is no disposition to run and peep about, and find himself a dishonorable grave. All live men are egotists, and they are egotists just in proportion as they have life. Dead men are not egotists. Booker Washington has life in abundance, and through him I truly believe runs the spirit of Divinity, if ever a living man had it. A man like this is the instrument of Deity.

Tuskegee Institute has applications ahead all the time, from all over America, for competent colored men and women who

can take charge of important work and do it. Dressmakers, housekeepers, cooks, farmers, stockmen, builders, gardeners are in demand. The world has never yet had enough people to bear its burdens. ¶ Recently we have heard much of the unemployed, but a very little search will show that the people out of work are those of bad habits, which make them unreliable and untrustworthy. The South, especially, needs the willing worker and the practical man. And best of all the South knows it, and stands ready to pay for the service.

A few years ago there was a fine storm of protest from Northern Negroes to the effect that Booker Washington was endeavoring to limit the Negro to menial service—that is, thrust him back into servility. The first ambition of the Negro was to get an education so that he might become a Baptist preacher. To him, education meant freedom from toil, and of course we do not have to look far to see where he got the idea. Then when Tuskegee came forward and wanted to make blacksmiths, carpenters and brick-masons out of black men, there was a cry, "If this means education, we will none of it —treason, treason!" It was assumed that the Negro who set other Negroes to work was not their friend. This phase of the matter requires neither denial nor apology. We smile and pass on ☙ ☙

In 1877 the Negro was practically disenfranchised throughout the South, by being excluded from the primaries. He had no recognized ticket in the field. For both the blacks and the whites this has been well. To most of the blacks freedom meant simply exemption from work. So there quickly grew up

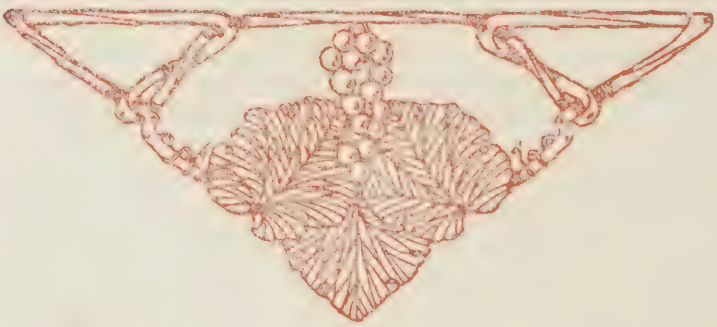
a roistering, turbulent, idle and dangerous class of black men who were used by the most ambitious of their kind for political ends. To preserve the peace of the community, the whites were forced to adopt heroic measures, with the result that we now have the disenfranchised Negro.

Early in the Eighties, Booker Washington realized that, politically, there was no hope for his race. He saw, however, that commerce recognized no color line. We would buy, sell and trade with the black man on absolute equality. Life insurance companies would insure him, banks would receive his deposits, and if honest and competent, would loan him money. If he could shoe a horse, we waived his complexion; and in every sort and kind of craftsmanship he stood on absolute equality with the whites. The only question ever asked was, "Can you do the work?"

And Booker Washington set out to help the Negro win success for himself by serving society through becoming skilled in doing useful things. And so it became Head, Hand and Heart. The manual was played off against the intellectual.

¶ But over and beyond the great achievement of Booker Washington in founding and carrying to a successful issue the most complete educational scheme of this age, or any other, stands the man himself. He is one without hate, heat or prejudice. No one can write on the lintels of his door-post the word, "Whim." He is half white, but calls himself a Negro. He sides with the disgraced and outcast black woman who gave him birth, rather than with the respectable white man who was his sire.

He rides in the Jim Crow cars, and on long trips, if it is deemed expedient to use a sleeping-car, he hires the state-room, so that he may not trespass or presume upon those who would be troubled by the presence of a colored man. Often in traveling he goes for food and shelter to the humble home of one of his own people. At hotels he receives and accepts, without protest or resentment, the occasional contumely of the inferior whites—whites too ignorant to appreciate that one of God's noblemen stands before them. For the whites of the South he has only words of kindness and respect; the worst he says about them is that they do not understand. His modesty, his patience, his forbearance are sublime. He is a true Fabian—he does what he can, like the royal roycroft opportunist that he is. Every petty annoyance is passed over; the gibes and jeers and the ingratitude of his own race are forgotten. "They do not understand," he calmly says. He does his work. He is respected by the best people of North and South. He has the confidence of the men of affairs—he is a safe man.



THOMAS ARNOLD

THOMAS ARNOLD

LET me mind my own personal work; keep myself pure and zealous and believing; labouring to do God's will in this fruitful vineyard of young lives committed to my charge, as my allotted field, until my work be done.

—Thomas Arnold

LITTLE JOURNEYS

THOMAS ARNOLD was born in Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-five, and died in Eighteen Hundred and Forty-two. His life was short, as men count time, but he lived long enough to make for himself a name and a fame that are both lasting and luminous. Though he was neither a great writer nor a great preacher, yet there were times when he thought he was both. He was only a school teacher. However, he was an artist in school teaching—and art is not a thing—it is a way. It is the beautiful way—the effective way.

School teachers have no means of proving their prowess by conspicuous waste, and no time to convince the world of their excellence through conspicuous leisure, consequently for histrionic purposes, a school teacher's cosmos is a plain slaty grey. School teachers do not wallow in wealth nor feed fat at the public trough. No one ever accuses them of belonging to the class known as the predatory rich, nor of being millionaire malefactors. They have to do their work every day at certain hours and dedicate its results to time.

For many years Thomas Arnold has been known as the father of his son. Several great men have been thus overshadowed. The father of Disraeli, for instance, was favored by fame and

fortune, until his gifted son moved into the lime-light, and after that Pater shone mostly in a reflected glory. Jacopo Bellini was the greatest painter in Venice, until his two sons, Gian and Gentile, surpassed him, and history writes him down as the father of the Bellinis. Lyman Beecher was regarded as America's greatest preacher until Henry Ward moved the mark up a few notches. The elder Pitt was looked upon as a genuine statesman, until his son graduated into the Cabinet, and then "the terrible cornet of horse" became known as the father of Pitt. Now that both are dust, and we are getting the proper perspective, we see that "the great commoner" was indeed a great man, and so they move down the corridors of time together, arm in arm, this father and son. That excellent person who carried the gripsacks of greatness so long that he thought the luggage was his own, Major James B. Pond, launched at least one good thing. It was this, "Matthew Arnold gave fifty lectures in America and nobody ever heard one of them; those in his audience who could no longer endure the silence, slipped quietly out."

Matthew Arnold was a critic and writer, who, having secured a tuppence worth of success through being the son of his father, and thus securing the speaker's eye, finally got an oratorical bee in his bonnet and went a-barnstorming. He cultivated reserve and indifference, both of which he was told were necessary factors in success in a public speaker.

And this is true. But they will not make an orator, any more than long hair, a peculiar necktie, and a queer hat will float a poet on the tide of time safely into the Hall of Fame.

Matthew Arnold cultivated repose, but instead of convincing the audience that he had power, he only made them think he was sleepy. Major Pond, having lived much with orators, and thinking the trick easy, tried oratory on his own account and succeeded as well as did Matthew Arnold. No one ever heard Major Pond, his voice fell over the footlights, dead, into the orchestra—only those with opera-glasses knew he was talking. ¶ But to be unintelligible is not a special recommendation. Men may be moderate for two reasons—through excess of feeling and because they are actually dull.

Matthew Arnold has slipped back into his true position—that of a man of letters. The genius is a man of affairs. Humanity is the theme, not books. Books are usually written about the thoughts of men who wrote books. Books die and disintegrate but humanity is an endless procession, and the souls that go marching on are those who fought for freedom, not those who speculate, on abstrusities.

The credential of Thomas Arnold to immortality is not that he was the father of Matthew and eight other little Arnolds, but it lies in the fact that he fought for a wider horizon in life through education. He lifted his voice for liberty. He believed in the divinity of the child, not in its depravity. Arnold of Rugby was a teacher of teachers, as every great teacher is. The pedagogic world is now going back to his philosophy, just as in statesmanship we are reverting to Thomas Jefferson. These men who spoke classic truth—not transient—truth that fits in spite of fashion, time and place, are the true prophets of mankind. Such was Thomas Arnold!

THOMAS ARNOLD

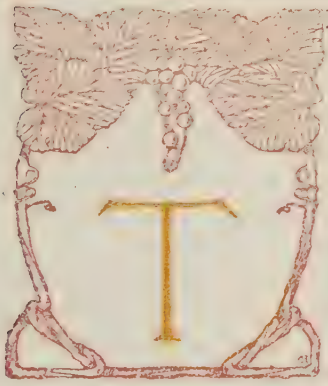
IF Thomas Arnold had been just a little bigger, the world probably would never have heard of him, for an interdict would have been placed upon his work. The miracle is that, as it was, the Church and State did not snuff him out.

He stood for sweet reasonableness, but unintentionally created much opposition. His life was a warfare. Yet he managed to make himself acceptable to a few, so for fourteen years, this head master of a preparatory school for boys, lived his life and did his work. He sent out his radiating gleams, and grew straight in the strength of his spirit and lived out his life in the light. ¶ His sudden death sanctified and sealed his work before he was subdued and ironed out by the conventions.

Happy Arnold! If he had lived, he might have met the fate of Arnold of Brescia, who was also a great teacher. Arnold of Brescia was a pupil of Abelard and was condemned by the Church as a disturber of the peace for speaking in eulogy of his master. Later he attacked the profligacy of the idle prelates, as did Luther, Savonarola and all the other great church-reformers. When ordered into exile and silence, he still protested his right to speak. He was strangled on order of the Pope, his body burned, and the ashes thrown into the Tiber. The Baptists, I believe, claim Arnold of Brescia, as the forerunner of their

sect, and certain it is that he was of the true Roger Williams type ✍ ✍

Thomas Arnold, too, was filled with a passion for righteousness. His zeal for the upright, manly life constituted his strength. Of course he would not have been executed, as was Arnold of Brescia—the times had changed: he would simply have been shelved, poohpoohed and deprived of his living and socially crapseyized. Death saved him—aged forty-seven—and his soul goes marching on!



THE parents of Thomas Arnold belonged to the great Middle Class, that Disraeli said never did any thinking on its own account, but deferred to and imitated the idle rich in matters of religion, education and politics to the best of its ability.

Dr. Johnson maintained that if members of the Middle Class worked hard and economized, it was in the hope that they might leave money and name for their children and make them exempt from all useful effort.

"To indict a class," said Burke, "is neither reasonable nor right." But certain it is that a vast number of fairly intelli-

gent people in England and elsewhere regard the life of the "aristocracy" as very desirable and beautiful.

To this end they want their boys to become clergymen, lawyers, doctors or army officers.

"Only two avenues of honor are open to aspiring youth in England," said Gladstone, "the army and the church."

The father of Thomas Arnold was Collector of Customs at Cowes, Isle of Wight. Holding this petty office under the Government, with half a dozen men at his command, we can easily guess his calibre, habits, belief and mode of life. He was respectable, and to be respectable, a Collector of Customs must be punctilious in Church matters in order to be acceptable to Church people, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The parents of Thomas Arnold very naturally centered their ambitions for him on the Church, as he was not very strong.

¶ When the child was only six years old, the father died from "spasm of the heart." At this time the boy had begun to take Latin, and his education was being looked after by a worthy governess, who daily drilled his mental processes and took him walking, leading him by hand. On Sundays he wore a wide, white collar, shiny boots and a stiff hat. The governess cautioned him not to soil his collar, nor get mud on his boots.

¶ In later years he told how he looked covetously at the boys who wore neither hats nor boots, and who did not have a governess.

His mother had a fair income, and so this prim, precise, exact and crystallized mode of education was continued. Out of her great love for her child, the mother sent him away from

home when he was eight years old. Of course there were tears on both sides; but now a male man must educate him, and women dropped out of the equation—this that the evil in the child should be curbed, his spirit chastened, and his mind disciplined. ¶ The fact that a child rather liked to be fondled by his mother, or that his mother cared to fondle him, were proofs of total depravity on the part of both.

The Rev. Dr. Griffiths, who took charge of the boy for two years, was certainly not cruel, but at the same time he was not exactly human. In nature we never hear of a she-lion sending her cubs away to be looked after by a denatured lion. It is really doubtful whether you could ever raise a lion to lionhood by this method. Some goat would come along and butt the life out of him, even after he had evolved whiskers and a mane.

After two years with Dr. Griffiths, young Arnold was sent to Manchester, where he remained in a boy's boarding-house from his tenth to his fourteenth year. To the teachers here—all men—he often paid tribute, but uttered a few heretical doubts as to whether discipline as a substitute for mother-love was not an error of pious but overzealous educators.

At sixteen years of age he was transferred to Corpus Christi College at Oxford. In Eighteen Hundred and Fifteen, being then twenty years of age, he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, and there he resided until he was twenty-four.

He was a prize man in Latin, Greek and English, and was considered a star scholar—both by himself and others. Ten years afterwards he took a backward glance, and said, "At

twenty-two I was proud, precise, stiff, formal, uncomfortable, unhappy, and unintentionally made everybody else unhappy with whom I came in contact. The only people I really mixed with were those whose lives were dedicated to the ablative."

¶ When twenty-four he was made a deacon, and used to read prayers at neighboring chapels, for which service he was paid five shillings. Being now thrown on his own resources, he did the thing a prizeman always does: he showed others how. As a tutor he was a success, and more scholars came to him than he could really take care of. But he did not like the work, since all the pupil desired and all the parents desired, was that he should help the backward one to get his marks, and glide through the eye of a needle into pedagogic paradise.

¶ At twenty-six he was preaching, teaching and writing learned essays about things he did not understand.

From this brief sketch it will be seen that the early education of Thomas Arnold was of the kind and type, that any fond parent of the well-to-do Middle Class would most desire. He had been shielded from all temptations of the world; he could do no useful thing with his hands; his knowledge of economics—ways and means—was that of a child; of the living present he knew little, but of the dead past he assumed and believed he knew much.

It was purely priestly, institutional education. It was the kind of education that every well-to-do Briton would like to have his sons receive. It was England's Ideal.

RUGBY GRAMMAR SCHOOL was endowed in Sixteen Hundred and Fifty-three, by one Laurence Sherif, a worthy grocer. The original gift was comparatively small, but the investment being in London real estate, has increased in value until it yields now an income of about thirty-five thousand dollars a year. In the time of Arnold there were about three hundred pupils. It is not a large school now—there are high-schools in a hundred cities of America that surpass it in many ways.

Rugby's claim to special notice lies in its traditions—the great men who were once Rugby boys, and the great men who were Rugby teachers. Also, in the fact that Thomas Hughes wrote a famous story called, "Tom Brown at Rugby."

Rugby Grammar School was One Hundred and Twenty-five years old when Sir Joshua Reynolds commissioned Lord Cornwallis, to go to America and fetch George Washington to England, that Sir Joshua might paint his portrait.

For a hundred years prior to the time of Arnold, there had not been a preceptible change in the methods of teaching. The boys were herded together. They fought, quarrelled divided into cliques; the big boys bullied the little ones. Fagging was the law, so the upper forms enslaved the lower ones. There was no home life, and the studies were made irksome and

severe, purposely, as it was thought that pleasant things were sinful & &

If any better plan could have been devised to make study absolutely repulsive, so the student would shun it as soon as out of school, we cannot guess it.

The system was probably born of inertia on the part of the teachers. The pastor who pushes through his prescribed services, with mind on other things, and thus absolves his conscience for letting his congregation go drifting straight to Gehenna, was duplicated in the teacher. He did his duty —and nothing more.

Selfishness, heartlessness and brutality manipulated the birch. Head was all, heart and hand nothing. This was school teaching. As a punishment for failure to memorize lessons there were various plans to disgrace and discourage the luckless one. Standing in the corner with face to the wall, and the dunce-cap had given place to a system of fines, whereby "ten lines of Virgil for failure to attend prayers," and ten more for failure to get the first, often placed the boy in hopeless bankruptcy. If he was a fag, or slave of a higher form boy, cleaning the other's boots, scrubbing stairs, running on foolish and needless errands, getting cuffs and kicks by way of encouragement, he saw his fines piling up and no way to ever clear them off and gain freedom by promotion.

Viewed from our standpoint, the thing has a ludicrous bouffe air that makes us smile. But to the boy caught in the toils it was tragic. To work and evolve in an environment of such brutality, was impossible to certain temperaments. Success

lay in becoming calloused and indifferent. If the boy of gentle habits and slight physical force did not sink into mental nothingness, he was in danger of being bowled over by disease and death ☙ ☙

Indeed, the physical condition of the pupils was very bad—small-pox, fevers, consumption and breaking out with sores and boils, were common.

Thomas Arnold was thirty-three years old when he was called as head master to Rugby. He was married and babies were coming along with astonishing regularity. He had taken priestly orders, and was passing rich on one hundred pounds a year. Poverty and responsibility had given him ballast, and love for his own little brood had softened his heart and vitalized his soul.

As a writer and speaker he had made his presence felt at various college commencements and clergymen's meetings. He had challenged the brutal, indifferent, lazy and so-called disciplinary methods of teaching.

And so far as we know he is the first man in England to declare that the teacher should be the foster-parent of the child, and that all successful teaching must be born of love.

The well-upholstered conservatives twiddled their thumbs, coughed, and asked, "How about the doctrine of total depravity? Do you mean to say that the child should not be disciplined? What does Solomon say about the use of the rod? Does the Bible say that the child is good by nature?"

But Thomas Arnold could not explain all he knew. Moreover, he did not wish to fight the Church—he believed in the Church

—to him it was a divine institution. But there were methods and practices in the Church that he would have liked to forget. ¶ "My sympathies go out to inferiority," he said. The weakling often needed encouragement, not discipline. The bad boy must be won, not suppressed.

In one of these conferences of clergymen, Arnold said, "I once chided a pupil, a little, pale, stupid boy—undersized and seemingly half sick—for not being able to recite his very simple lesson. ¶ He looked up at me and said with a touch of spirit, 'Sir, why do you get angry with me? Do you not know I am doing the best I can?'"

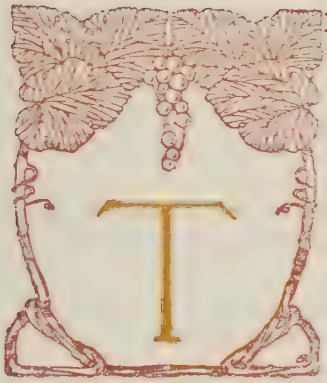
One of the clergymen present asked Arnold how he punished the boy for his impudence.

And Arnold replied, "I did not punish him—he had properly punished me. I begged his pardon."

The idea of a teacher begging the pardon of a pupil was a brand-new thing.

Several clergymen present laughed—one scowled—two sneezed. But a bishop, shortly after this, urged the name of Thomas Arnold as master of Rugby, and added to his recommendation, this line: "If elected to the office he will change the methods of school teaching in every public school in England."

The ayes had it and Arnold was called to Rugby. The salary was so-so, the pupils in number between two and three hundred—many were home on sick-leave—the Sixth Form was in charge.



HE genius of Arnold was manifested as soon as he went to Rugby in the management of the boys who bullied the whole school, and did it legally.

Fagging was official.

The Sixth Form was composed of thirty boys who stood at the top, and these boys ran the school. They were boys who, by reason of their size, strength, aggressiveness and mental ability, got the markings that gave them this autocratic power. They were now immune from authority—they were free. In a year they would gravitate to the University.

We can hardly understand now how a bully could get markings through his bullying propensities, but a rudimentary survival of the idea may yet be seen in big football players, who are given good marks, and very gentle mental massage in class. If the same scholars were small and skinny, they would certainly be plucked.

The faculty found freedom in shifting responsibility for discipline to the Sixth Form.

Read the diary of Arnold, and you will be amazed on seeing how he fought against taking from the Sixth Form, the right to bodily chastise any scholar in the school, that the king of the Sixth Form declared deserved it.

If a teacher thought a pupil needed punishment, he turned the

luckless one over to the Sixth Form. Can we now conceive of a system where the duty of certain scholars was to whip other scholars! Not only to whip them, but to beat them into insensibility if they fought back.

Such was school teaching in the public schools of England in Eighteen Hundred and Thirty.

Against this brutality there was now a growing sentiment, of which Arnold was the spokesman—a piping voice bidding the tide to stay!

But now that Arnold was in charge of Rugby, he got the ill-will of his directors by declaring that he did not intend to curtail the powers of the Sixth Form—he proposed to civilize it.

To try out the new master, the Sixth Form, proud in their prowess, sent him word that if he interfered with them in any way, they would first "bust up the school," and then resign in a body. Moreover, they gave it out that if any pupil complained to the master concerning the Sixth Form, the one so complaining would be taken out by night and drowned in the classic Avon.

There were legends among the younger boys of strange disappearances, and these were attributed to the swift vengeance of "The Bloody Sixth."

Above the Sixth Form there was no law.

Every scholar took off his hat to a "Sixth." A Sixth uncovered to nobody, and touched his cap only to a teacher.

And so had custom become rooted that the Sixth Form was regarded as a sort of a police necessity—a caste which served the school just as the Army served the Church. To reach the

Sixth Form were paradise—it meant liberty and power—liberty to do as you pleased and power to punish all who questioned your authority.

To uproot the power of the Sixth Form was the intent of a few reformers in pedagogics.

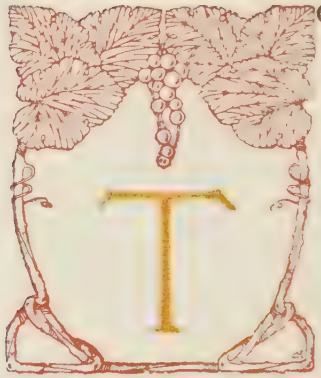
There were two ways to deal with the boys of the Sixth—fight them, or educate them.

Arnold called the Rugby Sixth together, and assured them that he could not do without their help. He needed them—he wanted to make Rugby a model school—a school that would influence all England—would they help him?

The dogged faces before him showed signs of interest. He continued, without waiting for their reply, to set before them his ideal of an English Gentleman. He persuaded them—melted them by his glowing personality—shook hands with each, and sent them away.

The next day he again met them in the same intimate way, and one of the boys made bold to assure him that if he wanted anybody licked—pupils or teachers—they stood ready to do his bidding.

He thanked the boy, but assured him that he was of the opinion that it would not be necessary to do violence to any one—he was going to unfold to them another way—a new way, which was very old, but which England had never tried.



TO an applicant for a position as teacher, Arnold wrote: "What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common-sense, and understands boys. I do not so much care about scholarship, as he will have immediately under him the lowest forms in the school, but yet on second thought, I do care about it very much, because his pupils may be in the highest forms; and besides, I think that even the elements are best taught by a man who has a thorough knowledge of the matter. However, if one must give way, I prefer activity of mind and an interest in his work to high scholarship: for the one may be acquired far more easily than the other. I should wish it also to be understood that the new master may be called upon to take boarders in his house, it being my intention for the future to require this of all masters as I see occasion, that so in time the school barracks may die a natural death. With this to offer, I think I have a right to look rather high for the man whom I fix upon, and it is my great object to get here a society of intelligent, gentlemanly, and active men, who may permanently keep up the character of the school, and if I were to break my neck to-morrow, carry it on."

The great teacher is not the one who imparts the most facts—he is the one who inspires by supplying a nobler ideal.

Men are superior or inferior just in the ratio that they possess certain qualities. Truth, honor, frankness, health, system,

industry, kindliness, good cheer and a spirit of helpfulness are so far beyond any mental acquisition that comparisons are not only odious but absurd.

Arnold inspired qualities, and in this respect his work at Rugby forms a white mile-stone on the path of progress in pedagogy. ¶ Ideas are in the air, and great inventions are worked out in different parts of the world at the same time. Rosseau had written his "Emile," but we are not aware that Arnold ever read it. ¶ And if he had, he probably would have been shocked, not inspired by its almost brutal frankness. The French might read it—the English could not.

Pestalozzi was working out his ideas in Switzerland, and Froebel, an awkward farmer lad, in Germany, was dreaming dreams that were to come true. But Thomas Arnold caught up the threads of feeling in England and expressed them in the fabric of his life.

His plans were scientific, but his reasons, unlike those of Pestalozzi, will not always stand the test of close analysis. Arnold was true to the Church, but he found it convenient to forget much for which the Church stood. He went back to a source nearer the fountain head. All reforms in organized religion lie in returning to the primitive type. The religion of Jesus was very simple—that of a modern church dignitary is very complex. One can be understood; the other has to be explained and expounded, and usually several languages are required ⁂

Arnold would have his boys evolve into Christian gentlemen. And his type of English gentlemen he did not get out of books

on theology, it was his own composite idea. But having once evolved it, he cast around to justify it by passages of scripture. This was beautiful, too, but from our standpoint it was n't necessary. From his it was.

A gentleman to him was a man who looked for the best in other people, and not for their faults; who overlooked slights; who forgot the good he had done; who was courteous, kind, cheerful, industrious and clean inside and out; who was slow to wrath, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. And the "Lord" to Arnold was embodied in the Church and State.

Arnold used to say that school teaching should not be based upon religion, but it should be religion. And to him religion and conduct were one.

That he reformed Rugby through the Sixth Form is a fact. He infused into the big boys the thought that they must help the little ones; that for a first offense a lad must never be punished, that he should have the matter fully explained to him and be shown that he should do right because it is right, and not for fear of punishment.

The Sixth Form was taught to unbend its dignity and enter into fellowship with its so-called inferiors. To this end Arnold set the example of playing cricket with the "scrubs." He never laughed at a poor player nor a poor scholar. He took dull pupils into his own house, and insisted that his helpers, the other teachers, should do the same. He showed the Sixth Form how much better it was to take the part of the weak, and stop bullying the lower forms, than to set the example of it in the highest. ¶ Before Arnold had been at Rugby a year,

the Sixth Form had resolved itself into a Reception Committee that greeted all newcomers, got them located, introduced them to other boys, showed them the sights and looked after their wants like big brothers or foster-fathers.

Christianity to Arnold was human service. In his zeal to serve, to benefit, to bless, to inspire, he never tired.

Such a disposition as this is contagious. In every big business or school, there is one man's mental attitude that animates the whole institution. Everybody partakes of it. When the leader gets melancholia, the shop has it—the whole place becomes tinted with ultramarine. The best helpers begin to get out, and the honeycombing process of dissolution is on.

¶ A school must have a soul just as surely as a shop, a bank, a hotel, a store, a home, or a church has to have. When an institution grows so great that it has no soul, simply a financial head, and a board of directors, dry rot sets in and disintegration in a loose wrapper is at the door.

This explains why the small colleges are the best—when they are—there is a personality about them, an animating spirit that is pervasive, and preservative.

Thomas Arnold was not a man of vast learning, nor could one truthfully say he had a surplus of intellect, but he had soul plus. He never sought to save himself. He gave himself to the boys of Rugby. His heart went out to them, he believed in them—and he believed them even when they lied, and he knew they lied. At heart, he knew that humanity was sound—he believed in the divinity of mankind, and tried hard to forget the foolish theology that taught otherwise.

Like Thomas Jefferson who installed the honor system in the University of Virginia, he trusted young men. He made his appeal to that germ of goodness which is in every human soul. In some ways he anticipated Ben Lindsey in his love for the boy, and might have conjured forth from his teeming brain the Juvenile Court, and thus stopped the creation of criminals, had his life not been consumed in a struggle with stupidity and pedantry gone to seed that cried to him, "Oh, who ever heard of such a thing as that!"

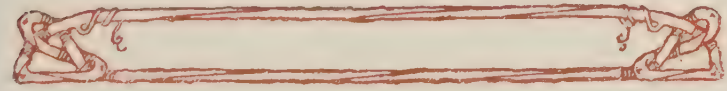
The Kindergarten utilizes the propensity to play; and Arnold utilizes the thirst for authority. Altruism is flavored with a desire for approbation.

The plan of self-government by means of utilizing the Sixth Form was quite on the order of our own "George Junior Republic." "A school," he said, "should be self-governing and cleanse itself from that which is harmful." And again he says, "If a pupil can gratify his natural desire for approbation by doing that which is right, proper and best, he will work to this end instead of being a hero by playing the rowdy. It is for the scholars to set the seal of their approval on character, and they will do so if we as teachers speak the word. If I find a room in a tumult, I blame myself, not the scholars. It is I who have failed, not they. Were I what I should be, every one of my pupils would reflect my worth. I key the situation—I set the pace, and if my soul is in disorder, the school will be in confusion."

Nothing is done without enthusiasm. It is heart that wins, not head, the round world over. And yet head must systematize

the promptings of the heart. Arnold had a way of putting soul into a hand-clasp. His pupils never forgot him. Wherever they went, no matter how long they lived, they proclaimed the praises of Arnold of Rugby. How much this earnest, enthusiastic, loving and sincere teacher has influenced civilization, no man can say. But this we know, that since his day there has come about a new science of teaching. The birch has gone with the dunce-cap. The particular cat-o'-nine-tails that was burned in the house of Thomas Arnold as a solemn ceremony, when the declaration was made, "Henceforth I know my children will do right!" has found its example in every home of Christendom. We no longer whip children. Schools are no longer places of dread, pain and suffering, and we as teachers, are repeating with Friedrich Froebel the words of the Nazarene, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Also we say with Thomas Arnold, "The boy is father to the man. A race of gentlemen can only be produced by fostering in the boy the qualities that make for health, strength and a manly desire to bless, benefit and serve the race."



ERASMUS

ERASMVS

WE see not a few mortals, who, striving to emulate this divine virtue with more zeal than success, fall into a feeble and disjointed loquacity, obscuring the subject and burdening the wretched ears of their hearers with a vacant mass of words and sentences crowded together beyond all possibility of enjoyment. And writers who have tried to lay down the principles of this art have gained no other result than to display their own poverty while expounding abundance.—ERASMUS on "Preaching."

LITTLE JOURNEYS

RASMUS was born in Fourteen Hundred and Sixty-six, and died in Fifteen Hundred and Thirty-six ❧ No thinker of his time influenced the world more. He stood at a pivotal point, and some say he himself was the intellectual pivot of the Renaissance ❧ ❧ The critics of the times were unanimous in denouncing him —which fact recommends him to us. ¶ Several churchmen, high in power, live in letters for no other reason than because they coupled their names with that of Erasmus by reviling him. Let the critics take courage—they may outwit oblivion yet, even though they do nothing but carp. Only let them be wise, and carp, croak, cough, cat-call and sneeze at some one who is hitching his wagon to a star. This way immortality lies ❧ Erasmus was a monk who flocked by himself, and found diversion in ridiculing monkery. Also, he was the wisest man of his day ❧ Wisdom is the distilled essence of intuition, corroborated by experience. Learning is something else. Usually, the learned man is he who has delved deep and soared high. But few there be who dive, that fish the murex up. Among those who soar, the ones who come back and tell us of what they have seen are few. Like Lazarus, they say nothing.

Erasmus had a sense of humor. Humor is a life-preserver and saves you from drowning when you jump off into a sea of sermons. A theologian who cannot laugh is apt to explode —he is very dangerous. Erasmus, Luther, Beecher, Theodore Parker, Roger Williams, Joseph Parker—all could laugh. Calvin, Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards never gurgled in glee, nor chortled softly at their own witticisms —or those of others.

Erasmus smiled. He has been called the Voltaire of his day. What Rousseau was to Voltaire, Luther was to Erasmus. Well did Diderot say that Erasmus laid the egg which Luther hatched. Erasmus wrote for the educated, the refined, the learned—Luther made his appeal to the plain and common mind ✍ ✍

Luther split the power of the Pope. Erasmus thought it a calamity to do so, because he believed that strife of sects tended to make men lose sight of the one essential in religion —harmony—and cause them to simply struggle for victory. Erasmus wanted to trim the wings of the papal office and file its claws—Luther would have destroyed it ✍ Erasmus considered the church a very useful and needful organization—for social reasons. It tended to regulate life and conduct and made men "decentable." It should be a school of ethics, and take a leading part in every human betterment ✍ Man being a gregarious animal, the congregation is in the line of natural desire. The excuse for gathering together is religion —let them gather. The Catholic Church is not two thousand years old—it is ten thousand years old and goes back to

Egypt. The birth of Jesus formed merely a psychosis in the Church's existence.

Here he parted company with Luther, who was a dogmatist, and wanted to debate his ninety-five theses. Erasmus laughed at all religious disputations and called them mazes that lead to cloudland. Very naturally, people said he was not sincere, since the mediocre mind never knows that only the paradox is true ❧ Hence Erasmus was hated by Catholics and denounced by Protestants.

The marvel is that the men with fetters and fagots did not follow him with a purpose. Fifty years later he would have been snuffed out. But at that time Rome was so astonished to think that any one should criticise her that she lost breath. Besides, it was an age of laughter, of revolt, of contests of wit, of love-bouts and love-scrapes, and the monks who lapsed were too many to discipline ❧ Everybody was busy with his own affairs. Happy time!

Erasmus was part and parcel of the Italian Renaissance. Over his head blazes in letters that burn, the unforgetable date, Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two. He was a part of the great unrest, and he helped cause the great unrest. Every great awaking, every renaissance, is an age of doubt. An age of conservatism is an age of moss, of lichen, of rest, rust and ruin. We grow only as we question. As long as we are sure that the present order is perfect, we button our collars behind, a thing which Columbus, Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, Michael Angelo, Leonardo and Gutenberg, who all lived at this one time, never did. The year of Fourteen Hundred and

Ninety-two, like the year Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six, was essentially "infidelic," just as the present age is constructively iconoclastic. We are tearing down our barns to build greater. The railroad man who said, "I throw an engine on the scrap-heap every morning before breakfast," expressed a great truth. We are discarding bad things for good ones, and good things for better ones.

ROTTERDAM has the honor of being the birthplace of Erasmus. A storm of calumny was directed at him during his life concerning the irregularity of his birth. "He had no business to be born at all," said a proud prelate, as he gathered his robes close around his prebendal form ☙ But souls knock at the gates of life for admittance, and the fact that a man exists, is proof of his right to live. The word illegitimate is not in the vocabulary of God. If you do not know that, you have not read His instructive and amusing works.

The critics variously declared the mother of Erasmus was a royal lady, a physician's only daughter, a kitchen wench —a Mother Superior—all according to the prejudices pre-

conceived. In one sense she was surely a Mother Superior —let the lies neutralize each other.

The fact is, we do not know who the mother of Erasmus was. All we know is that she was the mother of Erasmus. Here history halts ☙ Her son once told Sir Thomas More that she was married to a luckless nobody a few months after the birth of her first baby, and amid the cares of raising a goodly brood of nobodies on a scant allowance of love and rye-bread, she was glad to forget her early indiscretions. Not so the father. The debated question of whether a man really has any parental love is answered here.

The father of Erasmus was Gerhard von Praet, and the child was called Gerhard Gerhards—or the son of Gerhard. The father was a man of property and held office under the State. At the time of the birth of the illustrious baby, Gerhard von Praet was not married, and it is reasonable to suppose that the reason he did not wed the mother of his child was because she belonged to a different social station. In any event the baby was given the father's name, and every care and attention was paid the tiny voyager. This father was as foolish as most fond mothers, for he dreamed out a great career for the motherless one, and made sundry prophecies.

At six years of age the child was studying Latin, when he should have been digging in a sand-pile. At eight he spoke Dutch, French, and argued with his nurse in Greek as to the merits of buttermilk.

In the meantime the father had married and settled down in honorable obscurity as a respectable squire. Another account

has it that he became a priest. Anyway, the little maverick was now making head alone in a private school.

When the lad was thirteen the father died, leaving a will in which he provided well for the child ❧ The amount of property which by this will would have belonged to our hero when he became of age would have approximated forty thousand dollars.

Happily, the trustees of the fund were law-wolves ❧ They managed to break the will, and then they showed the court that the child was a waif, and absolutely devoid of legal rights of any and every kind. He was then committed to an orphan asylum to be given "a right religious education."

It's a queer old world, Terese, and what would have become of Gerhard Gerhards had he fallen heir to his father's titles and estate, no man can say ❧ He might have accumulated girth and become an honored burgomaster ❧ As it was he became powder-monkey to a monk, and scrubbed stone floors and rushed the growler for cowled and pious prelates. ¶ Then he did copying for the Abbe, and proved himself a boy from Missouri Valley.

He was small, blue-eyed, fair-haired, slender, slight, with a long nose and sharp features ❧ "With this nose," said Albrecht Durer, many years later, "he successfully hunted down everything but heresy."

At eighteen he became a monk and proudly had his flaxen poll tonsured. His superior was fond of him, and prophesied that he would become a bishop or something.

Children do not suffer much, nor long. God is good to them.

They slide into an environment and accept it ❧ This child learned to dodge the big bare feet of the monks—got his lessons, played a little, worked his wit against their stupidity, and actually won their admiration—or as much of it as men who are alternately ascetics and libertines can give.

It was about this time that the lad was taunted with having no name. "Then I'll make one for myself," was his proud answer.

Having entered now upon his novitiate, he was allowed to take a new name, and being dead to the world, the old one was forgotten.

They called him Brother Desiderius, or the Desired One. He then amended this Latin name with its Greek equivalent, Erasmus, which means literally the Well Beloved. As to his pedigree, or lack of it, he was needlessly proud. It set him apart as different ❧ He had half-brothers and sisters, and these he looked upon as strangers. When they came to see him, he said, "There is no relationship between souls save that of the spirit."

His sense of wit came in when he writes to a friend, "Two parents are the rule; no parents the exception; a mother but no father is not uncommon; but I had a father and never had a mother. I was nursed by a man, and educated by monks, all of which shows that women are more or less of a superfluity in creation. God Himself is a man. He had one son, but no daughters. The cherubim are boys ❧ All of the angels are masculine, and so far as Holy Writ informs us, there are no women in heaven."

That it was a woman to whom Erasmus wrote this, however, lets him out on the severity of the argument. He was a joker. And while women did not absorb much of his time, we find that on his travels he often turned aside to visit with intellectual women—no other kind interested him, at all.

TO belong to a religious order is to be owned by it ☙ You trade freedom for protection. The soul of Erasmus revolted at life in a monastery. He hated the typical monks—their food, their ways of life, their sophistry, their stupidity ☙ ☙

To turn glutton and welcome folly as a relief from religion, he said, was the most natural thing in the world, when men had once started in to lead an unnatural life ☙ Good food, daintily served, only goes with a Co.-Ed. mental regimen. Men eat with their hands, out of a pot, unless women are present to enforce the decencies. Women alone are a little more to be pitied than men alone, if 't were possible.

Through emulation does the race grow. Sex puts men and women on their good behavior.

Man's desire for power has caused him to enslave himself.

Writes Erasmus, "In a monastery, no one is on his good behavior, excepting when there are visitors, but I am told that this is so in families."

The greasy, coarse cooking brought on a nice case of dyspepsia for poor Erasmus—a complaint from which he was never free as long as he lived. His system was too fine for any monastic general trough, but he found a compensation in having his say at odd times and sundry. At one time we hear of him printing on a card this legend, "If I owned hell and a monastery, I would sell the monastery and reside in hell." Thereby did Erasmus supply General Tecumseh Sherman the germ of a famous orphic. Sherman was a professor in a college at Baton Rouge before the war, and evidently had moused in the Latin classics to a purpose.

Connected with the monastery where Erasmus lived was a printing outfit. Our versatile young monk learned the case, worked the ink-balls, manipulated the lever, and evidently dispelled, in degree, the monotony of the place by his ready pen and eloquent tongue. When he wrote, he wrote for his ear. All was tested by reading the matter aloud. At that time great authors were not so wise or clever as printers, and it fell to the lot of Erasmus to improve upon the text of much of the copy that was presented.

Erasmus learned to write by writing; and among modern prose writers he is the very first who had a distinct literary style. His language is easy, fluid, suggestive. His paragraphs throw a shadow, and are pregnant with meaning beyond what the lexicon supplies. This is genius—to be bigger than

your words. ¶ If Erasmus had been possessed of a bit more patience and a jigger of diplomacy he would have been in line for a bishopric. That thing which he praised so lavishly, Folly, was his cause of failure and also his friend.

At twenty-six he was the best teacher and the most clever scholar in the place. Also he was regarded as a thorn in the side of the monkery, since he refused to take it seriously. He protested that no man ever became a monk of his own accord—he was either thrust into a religious order by unkind kinsmen or kicked into it by fate.

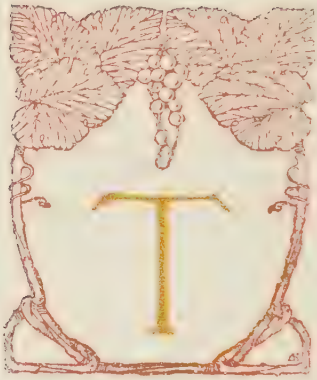
And then comes the Bishop of Cambray, with an attack of literary scabies, looking for a young religieuse, who could correct his manuscript. The bishop was going to Paris after important historical facts, and must have a competent secretary ☙ Only a proficient Latin and Greek scholar would do. The head of the monastery recommended Erasmus, very much as Artemus Ward volunteered all of his wife's relatives for purposes of war.

Andrew Carnegie once, when about to start for Europe, said to his ironmaster, Bill Jones, "I am never so happy or carefree, Bill, as when on board ship, headed for Europe, and the shores of Sandy Hook fade from sight."

And Bill solemnly replied, "Mr. Carnegie, I can truthfully say for myself and fellow workers, that we are never so happy and care-free as when you are on board ship, headed for Europe."

Very properly Mr. Carnegie at once raised Bill's salary five thousand a year.

The Carthusian Brothers parted with Erasmus in pretended tears, but the fact was they were more relieved than bereaved.
¶ And then began the travels of Erasmus.
The Bishop was of middle age, with a dash of the cavalier in his blood, which made him prefer a saddle to the cushions of a carriage. And so they started away on horseback, the Bishop ahead, followed at a discreet distance by Erasmus, his secretary, and ten paces behind with well loaded panniers, rode a servant as rear-guard.
To be free and face the world and on a horse! Erasmus lifted up his heart in a prayer of gratitude. He said it was the first feeling of thankfulness that he had ever experienced, and it was the first thing which had ever come to him worth gratitude.
And so they started for Paris.
Erasmus looked back and saw the monastery, where he had spent ten arduous years, fade from view.
It was the happiest moment he had ever known. The world lay beyond.



HE Bishop of Cambray introduced Erasmus to a mode of life for which he was eminently fitted. It consisted in traveling, receiving honors, hospitality and all good things in a material way, and giving his gracious society in return ❧ Doors flew open on the approach of the good Bishop. Everywhere he went a greeting was assured. He was a churchman—that was enough. Erasmus shared in the welcomes, for he was handsome in face and figure, had a ready tongue, and could hold his own with the best.

Europe was then dotted by monasteries, nunneries and other church institutions. Their remains are seen there yet—one is really never out of sight of a steeple ❧ But the exclusive power of the church is gone, and in many places there are only ruins where once were cloisters, corridors, chapels, halls and gardens teeming with life and industry.

The "missions" of California were founded on the general plan of the monasteries of Europe. They afforded a lodging for the night—a resting place for travelers—and were a radiatory center of education, at least all of the education that then existed.

In California these "missions" were forty miles apart—one day's journey ❧ In France, Italy and Germany they

were, say, ten miles apart. Between them, trudged or rode on horseback or in carriages, a picturesque array of pilgrims, young and old, male and female. To go anywhere and be at home every where, this was the happy lot of a church dignitary. ¶ The parts in church institutions were interchangeable, and by a system of migration, life was made agreeable, and reasonable honesty was assured. I have noticed that certain Continental banking institutions, with branches in various cities, keep their cashiers rotating ❧ The idea was gotten from Rome. Rome was very wise—her policies were the crystallizations of the world-wisdom of centuries. The church militant battle-cry, "The world for Christ," simply means man's lust for ownership, with Christ as an excuse. If ever there was a man-made institution, it is the Church ❧ To control mankind has been her desire, and the miracle is, that with a promise of heaven, a threat of hell, and a firm grip on temporal power—social and military—she was ever induced to partially loosen her grip. To such men as Savonarola, Luther and Erasmus do we owe our freedom. These men cared more for truth than for power, and their influence was to disintegrate the ankylosis of custom and make men think. And a thought is mental dynamite. No wonder the church has always feared and hated a thinker!

The Bishop of Cambray was not a thinker. Fenelon who was later to occupy his office, was to make the bishopric of Cambray immortal. Conformists die, but heretics live on forever. They are men who have redeemed the cross and rendered the gallows glorious.

ND so the Bishop of Cambray, and his little light-haired secretary, fared forth to fame and fortune—the Bishop to be remembered because he had a secretary, and the secretary to be remembered because he grew into a great teacher.

At each stopping place the Bishop said mass—the workers, students and novitiates quitting their tasks to hear the words of encouragement from the lips of the great man. Occasionally Erasmus was pushed forward to say a few words, by the Bishop, who had to look after his own personal devotions ❧ The assembled friends liked the young man—he was so bright and witty and free from cant. They even laughed out loud, and so, often two smiles were made to grow where there were no smiles before.

Leisurely they rode—stopping at times for several days at places where the food and drink were at their best, and the society sulphide ❧ At nunneries and monasteries were always guest-chambers for the great, and they were usually occupied ❧ ❧

Thus it was that every church-house was a sort of University, depending of course on the soul-size of the Superior or Abbe. These constant journeyings and pilgrimages served in lieu of the daily paper, the Western Union Telegraph, and the

telephone. Things have slipped back, I fear me, for now Mercury merely calls up his party on the long-distance, instead of making a personal visit—the Angel Gabriel as well. We save time but we miss the personal contact.

The monastic impulse was founded on a human need. Like most good things, it has been sadly perverted; but the idea of a sanctuary for stricken souls—a place of refuge—where simplicity, service and useful endeavor rule, will never die from out the human heart. The hospice stands for hospitality, but we have now only a hotel and a hospital.

The latter stands for iodoform, carbolic acid and formaldehyde; the former often means gold, glitter, gluttony and concrete selfishness, with gout on one end, paresis at the other and Bright's Disease between.

The hospice was a part of the monastery. It was a home for the homeless. There met men of learning—men of wit—men of brains and brawn. You entered and were at home. There was no charge—you merely left something for the poor ✍ Any man who has the courage, and sufficient faith in humanity to install the hospice system in America, will reap a rich reward ✍ If he has the same faith in his guests that Judge Lindsey has in his bad boys, he will succeed; but if he hesi tates, defers, doubts, and begins to plot and plan, the Referee in Bankruptcy will beckon.

The early Universities grew out of the monastic impulse. Students came and went, and the teachers were a part of a great itinerancy. Man is a migrative animal. His evolution has come about through change of environment. Trans-

plantation changes weeds into roses, and the forbears of all the products of our greenhouses and gardens, once grew in hedge-rows or open fields, choked by unkind competition or trampled beneath the feet of the heedless.

The advantage of University life is in the transplantation. Get the boy out of his home-environment; sever the cord that holds him to his "folks;" let him meet new faces, see new sights, hear new sermons, meet new teachers, and his efforts at adjustment will work for growth. Alexander Humboldt was right—one year at college is safer than four. One year inspires you—four may get you pot-bound with pedant prejudice.

The University of the Future will be industrial—all may come and go. All men will be University men, and thus the pride in an imaginary proficiency will be diluted to a healthful attenuation. To work and to be useful—not merely to memorize and recite—will be the only initiation.

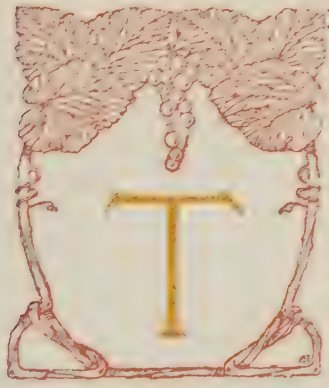
The professors will be interchangeable, and the rotation of intellectual crops will work for health, harmony and effectiveness.

The group, or college, will be the unit, not the family. The college was once a collection of men and women grouped for a mutual intellectual, religious or economic good.

To this group or college idea will we return.

Man is a gregarious animal, and the Christ-thought of giving all, and receiving all, some day in the near future will be found practical. The desire for exclusive ownership must be sloughed

Universities devoted to useful work—art in its highest sense—head, hand and heart, will yet dot the civilized world. The hospice will return higher up the scale, and the present use of the word "hospitality" will be drowned in its pink tea, choked with cheese wafers, rescued from the nervous clutch of the managing mamma, and the machinations of the chaperone. A society built on the sands of silliness must give way to the universal University, and the strong, healthful, helpful, honest companionship and comradeship of men and women will prevail.



THE objective point of the Bishop was the University of Paris ✍ Here in due time, after their lingering ride from Holland, the Bishop and his secretary arrived. They settled down to literary work; and in odd hours the beauty and wonder of Paris became familiar to Erasmus. The immediate task completed, the Bishop proposed going home, and thought, of course, his secretary was a fixture and would go with him ✍ But Erasmus had evolved ideas concerning his own worth. He had already collected quite a little circle of pupils about

him, and these he held by his glowing personality. At this time the vow of poverty was looked upon lightly. And anyway, poverty is a comparative term. There were monks who always trudged afoot with staff and bag, but not so our Erasmus. He was Bishop of the Exterior.

The Bishop of Cambray, on parting with Erasmus, thought so much of him that he presented him with the horse he rode.

¶ Erasmus used to take short excursions about Paris, taking with him a student and often two, as servants or attendants. Teaching them was mostly on an independent basis, each pupil picking his tutors and paying them direct.

Among other pupils whom Erasmus had at Paris was a young Englishman by the name of Lord Mountjoy. A great affection arose between these two, and when Lord Mountjoy returned to England he was accompanied by Erasmus.

At London, Erasmus met on absolute equality many of the learned men of England. We hear of his dining at the house of the Lord Mayor of London, and there meeting Sir Thomas More and crossing swords with that worthy in wordy debate.

¶ Erasmus seems to have carried the "New Humanism" into England. It has been said that the world was discovered in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two, but Man was not discovered until Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six. This is hardly literal truth, since in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two, there was a theologico-scientific party of young men in all of the European Universities who were reviving the Greek culture and with it arose the idea of the dignity and worth of Man. To this movement Erasmus brought the enthusiasm

of his nature. Perhaps he did as much as any other to fan the embers which grew into a flame called, "The Reformation."

He constantly ridiculed the austerities, pedantry, priggishness and sciolism of the old-time churchmen, and when a new question came up, he asked, "What good is there in it?"

¶ Everything was tested by him in the light of commonsense. What end does it serve and how is humanity to be served or benefited by it?

Thus the good of humanity, not the glory of God, was the shibboleth of this rising party.

Erasmus gave lectures and taught at Cambridge, Oxford and London.

Italy had been the objective point of his travels, but England had for a time, turned him aside. In the year Fifteen Hundred, Erasmus landed at Calais, saddled his horse and started southward, visiting, writing, teaching, lecturing as he went. The stimulus of meeting new people, and seeing new scenes all tended toward intellectual growth.

The genus monk made mendicancy a fine art, and Erasmus was heir to most of the instincts of the order. His associations with the laity were mostly with the nobility or those with money ❧ He was not slow in asking for what he wanted, whether it was a fur-lined cloak, a saddle, top riding-boots, a horse, or a prayer-book. He made no apologies—but took as his divine right all that he needed. And he justified himself in taking what he needed by the thought that he gave all he had. He supplied Sir Thomas More the germ of "Utopia,"

for Erasmus pictured again and again, an ideal society where all would have enough and none suffer from either want or surfeit—a society in which all would be at home wherever they went.

Had Erasmus seen fit to make England his home, his head, too, would have paid the forfeit as did the head that wrote "Utopia." What an absurd use to make of a head—to separate it from the man's body!

Italy received Erasmus with the same royal welcome that England had supplied. Scholars who knew the Greek and Roman classics were none too common. Most monks stopped with the writings of the saints, as South Americans balk at long division.

Erasmus could illumine an initial, bind a book, give advice to printers, lecture to teachers, give lessons on rhetoric and oratory, or entertain the ladies with recitations from the Iliad and Odyssey.

So he went riding back and forth, stopping at cities and towns, nunneries and monasteries, until his name became a familiar one to every scholar of England, Germany and Italy. Scholarly—always a learner—always a teacher—gracious, direct, witty, men began to divide on an Erasmus basis. There were two parties—those for Erasmus and those against him.

In Fifteen Hundred and Seventeen, came Luther with his bomb-shells of defiance. This fighting attitude was far from Erasmus—his weapons were words ✍ Between bouts with prelates, Luther sent a few thunderbolts at Erasmus, accus-

ing him of vacillation and cowardice. Erasmus replied with dignity, and entered into a lengthy dispute with Melancthon, Luther's friend, on the New Humanism which was finding form in revolution.

Erasmus prophesied that by an easy process of evolution, through education, the monasteries would all become schools and workshops. He would not destroy them, but convert them into something different. He fell into disfavor with the Catholics, and was invited by Henry VIII. to come to England and join the new religious regime ❧ But this English Catholicism was not to the liking of Erasmus ❧ What he desired was to reform the church, not destroy it or divide it. ¶ His affairs were becoming critical—monasteries where he had once been welcomed now feared to have him come near, lest they should be contaminated and entangled ❧ It was rumored that warrants of arrest were out. He was invited to go to Rome and explain his position.

Erasmus knew better than to acknowledge receipt of the letter ❧ He headed his horse for Switzerland, the land of liberty. At Basel he stopped at the house of Froben, the great printer and publisher. He put his horse in the barn, unsaddled him, and said, "Froben, I've come to stay."

ERASMUS

I WAS mousing the other day in a book that is somewhat disjointed and disconnected, and yet interesting—"The Standard Dictionary"—when I came across the word "scamp." It is a handy word to fling, and I am not sure but that it has been gently tossed once or twice, in my direction. Condemnation is usually a sort of subtle flattery, so I'm not sad. To scamp means to cut short, to be superficial, slipshod, careless, indifferent. To say "let'er go, who cares—this is good enough!" If anybody ever was a stickler for honest work, I am that bucolic party. I often make things so fine that only one man out of ten thousand can buy them, and I have to keep 'em myself.

You know that when you get an idea in your head, how everything you read contains allusions to the same thing. Knowledge is mucilaginous. Well, next day after I was looking up that pleasant word "scamp," I was reading in the Amusing Works of Erasmus, when I ran across the word again, but spelled in Dutch, thus, "schamp." Now Erasmus was a successful author, and he was also the best authority on paper, inks, bindings and general bookmaking in Italy, Holland or Germany. Being a lover of learning, and listening to the lure of words, he never wallowed in wealth. But in his hunt for ideas he had a lot of fun. Kipling says, "There

is no hunt equal to a man hunt." But Kip is wrong—to chase a thought is twice the sport. Erasmus chased ideas and very naturally the preachers chased Erasmus—out of England, through France, down to Italy and then he found refuge at Basel with Froben, the great Printer and Publisher.

Up in Frankfort was a writer-printer, who not being able to answer the arguments of Erasmus, called him bad names. But this gentle pen-pusher in Frankfort, who passed his vocabulary at Froben's proof-reader, Erasmus in time calls a "schamp," because he used cheap paper, cheap ink and close margins. Soon after the word was carried to England and spelled "scamp"—a man who cheats in quality, weight, size and count. But the first use merely meant a printer who scamps his margins and so cheats on paper. I am sorry to see that Erasmus imitated his enemies and at times was ambi-dexterous in the use of the literary stinkpot. His vocabulary was equal to that of Muldoon. Erasmus refers to one of his critics as a "scenophylax-stikken," and another he calls a "schnide enchologion-schistosomus." And perhaps they may have been—I really do not know.

But as an authority on books Erasmus can still be read. He it was who fixed the classic page margin—twice as wide at the top as on the inside; twice as wide at the outside as the top; twice as wide at the bottom as the side. And any printer who varies from this displays his ignorance of proportion. Erasmus says, "To use poor paper marks the decline of taste both in printer and patron." After the death of Erasmus, Froben's firm failed because they got to making things cheap.

"Compete in quality, not in price," was the working motto of Erasmus.

All of the great bookmaking centers languished when they began to scamp. That worthy wordissimus at Frankfort who called Erasmus names, gave up business and then the ghost, and Erasmus wrote his epitaph, and thus supplied Benjamin Franklin an idea—"Here lies an old book, its cover gone, its leaves torn, the worms at work on its vitals."

The wisdom of doing good work still applies, just as it did in the days of Erasmus.

Erasmus proved a very valuable acquisition to Froben. He became general editor and literary adviser of this great publishing house, which was then the most important in the world ❧ ❧

Beside his work as editor, Erasmus also stood sponsor for numerous volumes which we now know were written by literary nobodies, his name being placed on the title-page for commercial reasons.

At that time and for two hundred years later, the matter of attributing a book to this man or that, was considered a trivial affair. Piracies were prevalent. All printers revised the work of classic authors if they saw fit, and often they were specially rewarded for it by the church. It was about this time that some one slipped that paragraph into the works of Josephus about Jesus ❧ The "Annals" of Tacitus were similarly doctored, if in fact they were not written entire, during the Sixteenth Century. It will be remembered that the only two references in contemporary literature to Jesus are

those in Josephus and Tacitus, and these the church proudly points to yet.

During the last few years of his life Erasmus accumulated considerable property. By his will he devised that this money should go to educate certain young men and women, grandchildren and nephews and nieces of his old friend, Johann Froben. He left no money for masses, after the usual custom of Churchmen, and during his last illness was not attended by a priest ☙ For several years before his death he made no confessions and very seldom attended church service. He said, "I am much more proud of being a printer than a priest." ¶ A statue of Erasmus in bronze adorns one of the public squares in Rotterdam, and Basel and Freiburg have honored themselves, and him also, in like manner.

As a sample of the subtle and keen literary style of Erasmus, I append the following from "In Praise of Folly:"

The happiest times of life are youth and old age, and this for no reason but that they are the times most completely under the rule of folly, and least controlled by wisdom ☙ It is the child's freedom from wisdom that makes it so charming to us; we hate a precocious child. So women owe their charm, and hence their power, to their "folley," i. e., to their obedience to the impulse. But, if perchance, a woman wants to be thought wise, she only succeeds in being doubly a fool, as if one should train a cow for the prize-ring, a thing wholly against nature. A woman will be a woman, no matter what mask she wear, and she ought to be proud of her folly and make the most of it.

Is not Cupid, that first father of all religion, is not he stark blind, that he cannot himself distinguish of colors, so he

would make us as mope-eyed in judging falsely of all love concerns, and wheedle us into a thinking that we are always in the right? Thus every Jack sticks to his own Jill; every tinker esteems his own trull; and the hob-nailed suitor prefers Joan the milkmaid before any of my lady's daughters. These things are true, and are ordinarily laughed at, and yet, however ridiculous they seem, it is hence only that all societies receive their cement and consolidation.

Fortune we still find favouring the blunt, and flushing the forward; strokes smooth up fools, crowning all their undertakings with success; but wisdom makes her followers bashful, sneaking and timorous, and therefore you commonly see that they are reduced to hard shifts, must grapple with poverty, cold and hunger, must lie recluse, despised, and unregarded, while fools roll in money, are advanced to dignities and offices, and in a word have the whole world at command. If any one thinks it happy to be a favorite at court, and to manage the disposal of places and preferments, alas, this happiness is so far from being attainable by wisdom, that the very suspicion of it would put a stop to advancement. Has any man a mind to raise himself a good estate? Alas, what dealer in the world would ever get a farthing, if he be so wise as to scruple at perjury, blush at a lie, or stick at a fraud and overreaching?

It is the public charter of all divines, to mould and bend the sacred oracles till they comply with their own fancy, spreading them (as Heaven by its Creator) like a curtain, closing together, or drawing them back, as they please. Thus, indeed, St. Paul himself minces and mangles some citations he makes use of, and seems to wrest them to a different sense from what they were first intended for, as is confessed by the great linguist St. Hierom. Thus when that apostle saw at Athens the inscription of the altar, he draws from it an argument for the proof of the Christian religion; but leav-

ing out great parts of the sentence, which perhaps if fully recited might have prejudiced his cause, he mentions only the last two words, viz., To the Unknown God; and this, too, not without alteration, for the whole inscription runs thus: To the Gods of Asia, Europe, and Africa, to all Foreign and Unknown Gods.

'T is an imitation of the same pattern, I will warrant you, that our young divines, by leaving out four or five words in a place, and putting a false construction on the rest, can make any passage serviceable to their own purpose; though from the coherence of what went before, or follows after, the genuine meaning appears to be either wide enough, or perhaps quite contradictory to what they would thrust and impose upon it. In which knack the divines are grown now so expert, that the lawyers themselves begin to be jealous of an encroachment on what was formerly their sole privilege and practice. And indeed what can they despair of proving, since the fore-mentioned commentator did upon a text of St. Luke put an interpretation, no more agreeable to the meaning of the place, than one contrary quality is to another.

¶ But because it seemed expedient that man, who was born for the transaction of business, should have so much wisdom as should fit and capacitate him for the discharge of his duty herein, and yet lest such a measure as is requisite for this purpose might prove too dangerous and fatal, I was advised with for an antidote, and prescribed this infallible receipt of taking a wife, a creature so harmless and silly, and yet so useful and convenient, as might mollify and make pliable the stiffness and morose humour of man. Now that which made Plato doubt under what genus to rank woman, whether among brutes or rational creatures, was only meant to denote the extreme stupidness and Folly of that sex, a sex so unalterably simple, that for any one of them to thrust forward and reach at the name of wise, is but to make themselves the

more remarkable fools, such an endeavour being but a swimming against the stream, nay, the turning the course of nature, the bare attempting whereof is as extravagant as the effecting of it is impossible: for as it is a trite proverb, that an ape will be an ape, though clad in purple, so a woman will be a woman, i. e., a fool, whatever disguise she takes up. And yet there is no reason women should take it amiss to be thus charged, for if they do but rightly consider, they will find to Folly they are beholden for those endowments, wherein they so far surpass and excel Man; as first for their unparalleled beauty, by the charm whereof they tyrannize over the greatest of tyrants; for what is it but too great a smatch of wisdom that makes men so tawny and thick-skinned, so rough and prickly-bearded, like an emblem of winter or old age, while women have such dainty smooth cheeks, such a low, gentle voice, and so pure a complection, as if nature had drawn them for a standing pattern of all symmetry and comeliness? Beside, what greater or juster aim and ambition have they than to please their husbands? In order whereunto they garnish themselves with paint, washes, curls, perfumes, and all other mysteries of ornament; & yet after all they become acceptable to them only for their Folly. Wives are always allowed their humour, yet it is only in exchange for titillation and pleasure, which indeed are but other names for Folly; as none can deny, who consider how a man must dandle, and kittle, and play a hundred little tricks for his helpmate.

But now some blood-chilled old men, that are more for wine than wenching, will pretend, that in their opinion the greatest happiness consists in feasting and drinking. Grant it be so; yet certainly in the most luxurious entertainments it is Folly must give the sauce and relish to the daintiest delicacies; so that if there be no one of the guests naturally fool enough to be played upon by the rest, they must procure some comical

buffoon, that by his jokes and flouts and blunders shall make the whole company split themselves with laughing; for to what purpose were it to be stuffed and crammed with so many dainty bits, savoury dishes, and toothsome rarities, if after all this epicurism, the eyes, the ears, and the whole mind of man, were not so well foisted and relieved with laughing, jesting, and such like divertisements, which like second courses serve for the promoting of digestion? And as to all those shoeing-horns of drunkenness, the keeping every one his man, the throwing hey-jinks, the filling of bumpers, the drinking two in a hand, the beginning of mistresses' healths; and then the roaring out of drunken catches, the calling in a fiddler, the leading out every one his lady to dance, and such like riotous pastimes, these were not taught or dictated by any of the wise men of Greece, but of Gotham rather, being my invention, and by me prescribed as the best preservative of health: each of which, the more ridiculous it is, the more welcome it finds. And indeed to jog sleepingly through the world, in a dumpish melancholy posture, cannot properly be said to live.

HYPATIA

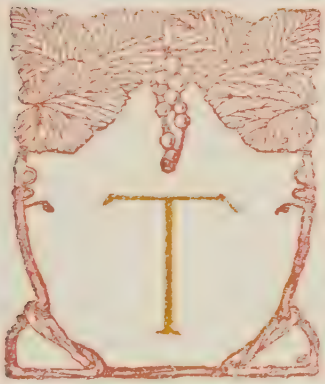
HYPATIA

NEO-PLATONISM is a progressive philosophy, and does not expect to state final conditions to men whose minds are finite. Life is an unfoldment, and the further we travel the more truth we can comprehend. To understand the things that are at our door is the best preparation for understanding those that lie beyond.

—HYPATIA

LITTLE JOURNEYS

He who influences the thought of his times, influences all the times that follow. He has made his impress on eternity.



HE father of Hypatia was Theon, a noted mathematician and astronomer of Alexandria. He would have been regarded as a very great man had he not been cast into the shadow by his daughter. Let male parents beware ✍ ✍ ✍

At that time, astronomy and astrology were one. Mathematics was useful, not for purposes of civil engineering, but principally in figuring out where a certain soul, born under a given planet, would be at a certain time in the future.

No information comes to us about the mother of Hypatia —she was so busy with housework that her existence is a matter of assumption or a-priori reasoning: thus, given a daughter, we assume the existence of a mother.

Hypatia was certainly the daughter of her father. He was her tutor, teacher, playmate. All he knew he taught to her, and before she was twenty she had been informed by him of a fact which she had previously guessed—that considerable of his so-called knowledge was conjecture.

Theon taught his daughter that all systems of religion that

pretend to teach the whole truth were to a great degree false and fraudulent. He explained to her that his own profession of astronomy and astrology was only for other people. By instructing her in all religions she grew to know them comparatively, and so none took possession of her to the exclusion of new truth. To have a religion thrust upon you, and be compelled to believe in it or suffer social ostracism, is to be cheated of the right to make your own. In degree it is letting another live your life. A child does not need a religion until he is old enough to evolve it, and then he must not be robbed of the right of independent thinking, by having a fully prepared plan of salvation handed out to him. The brain needs exercise as much as the body, and vicarious thinking is as erroneous as vicarious exercise. Strength comes from personal effort. To think is natural, and if not intimidated or coerced the man will evolve a philosophy of life that is useful and beneficent. Religious mania is a result of dwelling on a borrowed religion. If let alone no man would become insane on religious topics, for the religion he would evolve would be one of joy, laughter and love, not one of misery or horror. The religion that contemplates misery and woe is one devised by priestcraft for a purpose, and that purpose is to rule and rob. From the blunt ways of the road we get a polite system of intimidation which makes the man pay. It is robbery reduced to a system, and finally piously believed in by the robbers who are hypnotized into the belief that they are doing God's service.

"All formal dogmatic religions are fallacious and must never

be accepted by self-respecting persons as final," said Theon to Hypatia. "Reserve your right to think, for even to think wrongly is better than not to think at all."

Theon gave lectures, and had private classes in esoterics, wherein the innermost secrets of divinity were imparted. Also he had a plan for the transmutation of metals and a recipe for perpetual youth. When he had nothing else to do he played games with his daughter.

At twenty-one Hypatia had mastered the so-called art of Rhetoric, or the art of expression by vocal speech.

It will be remembered that the Romans considered rhetoric, or the art of the rhetor—orator—as first in importance. To impress people by your personal presence they regarded as the gift of gifts.

This idea seems to have been held by the polite world up to the Italian Renaissance, when the art of printing had been invented and the written word came to be regarded as more important than the spoken. One lives, and the other dies on the air, existing only in memory, growing attenuated and diluted as it is transferred. The revival of sculpture and painting also helped oratory to take its proper place as one of the polite arts, and not a thing to be centered upon to the exclusion of all else.

Theon set out to produce a perfect human being, and whether his charts, theorems and formulas made up a complete law of eugenics, or whether it was dumb luck, this we know: he nearly succeeded. Hypatia was five feet nine, and weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds. This when she was twenty.

She could walk ten miles without fatigue; swim, row, ride horseback and climb mountains. Through a series of gentle calisthenics invented by her father, combined with breathing exercises, she had developed a body of rarest grace. Her head had corners, as once Professor O. S. Fowler told us that a woman's head must, if she is to think and act with purpose and precision.

So having evolved this rare beauty of face, feature and bodily grace, combined with superior strength and vitality, Hypatia took up her father's work and gave lectures on astronomy, mathematics, astrology and rhetoric, while he completed his scheme for the transmutation of metals. Hypatia's voice was flute-like, and used always well within its compass, so as to never rasp or tire the organs. Theon knew the proper care of nose and throat, a knowledge which with us moderns is all too rare. Hypatia told of and practiced the vocal ellipse, the pause, the glide, the slide and the gentle, deliberate tones that please and impress ❧ That the law of suggestion was known to her was very evident, and certain it is that she practiced hypnotism in her classes, and seemed to know as much about the origin of the mysterious agent as we do now, even though she never tagged or labeled it.

One very vital thought she worked out was, that the young mind is plastic, impressionable and accepts without question all that it is told. The young receive their ideas from their elders, and ideas once impressed upon this plastic plate of the mind cannot be removed.

Said Hypatia, "Fables should be taught as fables, myths as

myths, and miracles as poetic fancies. To teach superstitions as truths is a most terrible thing. The child mind accepts and believes them, and only through great pain and perhaps tragedy can he be in after years relieved of them. In fact men will fight for a superstition quite as quickly as for a living truth—often more so, since a superstition is so intangible you cannot get at it to refute it, but truth is a point of view, and so is changeable."

Gradually, over the mind of the beautiful and gifted Hypatia, there came stealing a doubt concerning the value of her own acquirements, since these were "acquirements" and not evolutions or convictions gathered from experience, but things implanted upon her plastic mind by her father.

In this train of thought Hypatia had taken a step in advance of her father, for he seems to have had a dogmatic belief in a few things incapable of demonstration, but these things he taught to the plastic mind, just the same as the things he knew. Theon was a dogmatic liberal. Possibly the difference between an illiberal Unitarian and a liberal Catholic is microscopic.

Hypatia clearly saw that knowledge is the distilled essence of our intuitions, corroborated by experience. But belief is the impress made upon our minds when we are under the spell or in subjection to another.

These things caused the poor girl many unhappy hours, which fact, in itself, is proof of her greatness. Only superior people have a capacity for doubting.

Probably not one person in a million ever gets away far

enough from his mind to take a look at it, and see the wheels go round. Opinions become ossified and the man goes through life, hypnotizing others, never realizing for an instant that in youth he was hypnotized and that he has never been able to cast off the hypnosis.

This is what our pious friends mean when they say, "Give me the child until he is ten years old and you may have him afterward." That is, they can take the child in his plastic age and make impressions on his mind that are indelible. Reared in an orthodox Jewish family a child will grow up a dogmatic Jew, and argue you on the Talmud six nights and days together ✠ Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist the same. I once knew an Arapahoe Indian, who was taken to Massachusetts when four years old. He grew up not only with New England prejudices, but a New England accent, and saved his pennies to give to missionaries that they might "convert" the Red Men.

When the suspicion seized upon the soul of Hypatia that her mind was but a wax impression taken from her father's, she began to make plans to get away from him. Her efforts at explanations were futile, but when placed upon the general ground that she wished to travel, see the world and meet people of learning and worth, her father acquiesced and she started away on her journeyings. He wanted to go, too, but this was the one thing she did not desire and he never knew nor could know why.

She spent several months in Athens, where her youth, beauty and learning won her entry into the houses of the

most eminent. It was the same in Rome and various other cities of Italy. Money may give you access to good society, but talent is always an open sesame. She travelled like a princess and was received as one, yet she had no title, nor claim to nobility nor station ✍ Beauty of itself is not a credential—rather it is an object of suspicion, unless it goes with intellect.

Hypatia gave lectures on mathematics; and there was a fallacy abroad then as there is now that the feminine mind is not mathematical. That the great men whom Hypatia met in each city were first amazed and then abashed by her proficiency in mathematics is quite probable. Some few male professors being in that peculiar bald-headed hypnotic state when feminine charms dazzle and lure, listened in rapture as Hypatia dissolved logarithms and melted calculi, and not understanding a word she said, declared that she was the goddess Minerva, reincarnated. Her coldness on near approach confirmed their suspicions.

formulas in his sublime moments are cast away.

UST how long a time Hypatia spent upon her pilgrimage, visiting all of the great living philosophers, we do not know. Some accounts have it one year, others ten. Probably the pilgrimages were extended over a good many years, and were not continuous. Several philosophers proved their humanity by offering to marry her, and a prince or two did likewise, we are creditably informed. To these persistent suitors, however, Hypatia gently broke the news that she was wedded to truth, which is certainly a pretty speech, even if it is poor logic. The fact was, however, that Hypatia never met a man whose mind matched her own, otherwise logic would have bolstered love, instead of discarding it.

¶ Travel, public speaking and meeting people of note form a strong trinity of good things. The active mind

is the young mind, and it is more than the dream of a poet which declares that Hypatia was always young and always beautiful and that even Father Time was so in love with her that he refused to take toll from her, as he passed with his hour glass and scythe.

¶ In degree she had followed the example of her great prototype, Plotinus, and had made herself master of all religions. She knew too much of all philosophies to believe implicitly in any. Alexandria was then the intellectual center of the world. People who resided there called it the hub of the universe. It was the meeting place of the East and the West.

¶ And Hypatia, with her Thursday lectures, was the chief intellectual factor of Alexandria.

Her philosophy she called Neo-Platonism ☙ It was Plato distilled through the psychic alembic of Hypatia. Just why the human mind harks back and likes to confirm itself by building on another, it would be interesting to inquire. To explain Moses; to supply a key to the scriptures; to found a new School of Philosophy on the assumption that Plato was but right, but was not understood until the Then and There, is alluring.

And now the pilgrims came from Athens, and Rome, and the Islands of the Sea to sit at the feet of Hypatia.

HYPATIA

YPATIA was born in the year Three Hundred and Seventy, and died in Four Hundred and Thirty. She exerted an influence in Alexandria not unlike that which Mrs. Eddy has exerted in Boston. She was a person who divided society into two parts—those who regarded her as an oracle of light, and those who looked upon her as an emissary of darkness. ¶ Strong men paid her the compliment of using immoderate language concerning her teaching. But whether they spoke ill or well of her matters little now ❧ The point is this, they screeched, sneezed, or smiled on those who refused to acknowledge the power of Hypatia. Some professors of learning tried to waive her; priests gently pooh-poohed her; and some elevated an eyebrow and asked how the name was spelled. Others still, enquired, "Is she sincere?"

She was the Ralph Waldo Emerson of her day ❧ Her philosophy was Transcendentalism. In fact she might be spoken of as the original charter member of the Concord School of Philosophy. Her theme was The New Thought, for New Thought is the oldest form of thought of which

we know ❧ Its distinguishing feature is its antiquity. Socrates was really the first to express the New Thought, and he got his cue from Pythagoras.

The ambition of Hypatia was to revive the flowering time of Greece, when Socrates and Plato walked arm in arm through the streets of Athens, followed by the greatest group of intellectuals the world has ever seen.

It was charged against Hypatia that Aspasia was her ideal, and that her ambition was to follow in the footsteps of the woman who was beloved by Pericles. If so, it was an ambition worthy of a very great soul. Hypatia, however, did not have her Pericles, and never married ❧ That she should have had love experiences was quite natural, and that various imaginary romances should have been credited to her was also to be expected.

Hypatia was nearly a thousand years removed from the time of Pericles and Aspasia, but to bridge the gulf of time with imagination was easy. Yet Hypatia thought that the New Platonism should surpass the old, for the world had had the age of Augustus to build upon.

Hypatia's immediate prototype was Plotinus, who was born two hundred and four years after Christ, and lived to be seventy. Plotinus was the first person to use the phrase "New-Platonism," and so the philosophy of Hypatia might be called "The New Neo-Platonism."

To know but one religion is not to know that one ❧ In fact, superstition consists in this one thing—faith in one religion, to the exclusion of all others.

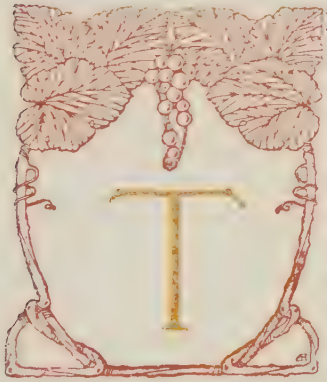
To know one philosophy is to know none. They are all comparative, and each serves as a small arc of the circle. A man living in a certain environment, with a certain outlook, describes the things he sees, and out of these, plus what he imagines, is shaped his philosophy of life. If he is repressed, suppressed, frightened, he will not see very much, and what he does see will be out of focus. Spiritual strabismus and mental myopia are the results of vicarious peeps at the universe. All formal religions have taught that to look for yourself was bad ☙ The peep-hole through the roof of his garret cost Copernicus his liberty, but it was worth the price.

Plotinus made a study of all philosophies—all religions. He traveled through Egypt, Greece, Assyria, India. He became an "adept," and discovered how easily the priest drifts into priestcraft, and fraud steps in with legerdemain and miracle to amend the truth. As if to love humanity were not enough to recommend the man, they have him turn water into wine and walk on the water.

Out of the labyrinth of history and speculation Plotinus returned to Plato as a basis or starting point for all of the truth which man can comprehend. Plotinus believed in all religions, but had absolute faith in none. It will be remembered that Aristotle and Plato parted as to the relative value of poetry and science,—science being the systematized facts of Nature. Plotinus comes in and says that both were right, and each was like every good man who exaggerates the importance of his own calling.

In his ability to see the good in all things Hypatia placed Plotinus ahead of Plato, but even then she says, "Had there been no Plato there would have been no Plotinus, and although Plotinus surpassed Plato, yet it is plain that Plato, the inspirer of Plotinus and so many more, is the one man whom philosophy cannot spare. Hail Plato!!"

Let's keep the windows open to the Real, be worthy, and sometime we shall know.



THE writings of Hypatia have all disappeared, save as her words come to us, quoted by her contemporaries ❧ If the Essays of Emerson should all be swept away, the man would still live in the quotations from his pen, given to us by every writer of worth who has put pencil to paper during the last fifty years. So lives Sappho, and thus did Charles Kingsley secure the composite of the great woman who lives and throbs through his book. Legend pictures her as rarely beautiful, with grace, poise and power, plus.

She was sixty when she died. History kindly records it forty-five—and all picture her as a beautiful and attractive woman to the last ❧ The psychic effects of a gracefully gowned first reader, with sonorous voice, using gesture with economy, and packing the pauses with feeling, have never been fully formulated, analyzed and explained ❧ Throngs came to hear Hypatia lecture—came from long distances, and listened hungrily, and probably all they took away was what they brought, except a great feeling of exhiliration and enthusiasm. To send the hearer away stepping light, and his heart beating fast—this is oratory —which is n't so much to bestow facts, as it is to impart a feeling. This Hypatia surely did. Her theme was Neo-Platonism. "Neo" means new, and all New Thought harks back to Plato, who was the mouthpiece of Socrates. "Say what you will, you'll find it all in Plato." Neo-Platonism is our New Thought, and New Thought is Neo-Platonism. There are two kinds of thought: New Thought and Second-Hand Thought. New Thought is made up of thoughts you, yourself, think. The other kind is supplied to you by jobbers. The distinguishing feature of New Thought is its antiquity. Of necessity it is older than Second-Hand Thought ❧ All genuine New Thought is true for the person who thinks it. It only turns sour and becomes error when not used, and when the owner forces another to accept it. It then becomes a Second-Hand revelation. All New Thought is revelation, and Second-Hand revelations are errors half-soled by stupidity and heeled by greed.

Very often we are inspired to think by others, but in our hearts we have the New Thought; and the person, the book, the incident, merely remind us that it is already ours. New Thought is always simple; Second-Hand Thought is abstruse, complex, patched, peculiar, costly, and is passed out to be accepted, not understood. That no one comprehends it is often regarded as a recommendation.

For instance, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image," is Second-Hand Thought. The first man who said it may have known what it meant, but surely it is nothing to us. However, that does not keep us from piously repeating it, and having our children memorize it.

We model in clay or wax, and carve if we can, and give honors to those who do, and this is well. This commandment is founded on the fallacy that graven images are gods, whatever that is ✍ The command adds nothing to our happiness, nor does it shape our conduct, nor influence our habits. Everybody knows and admits its futility, yet we are unable to eliminate it from our theological system. It is strictly Second-Hand—worse, it is junk.

Conversely, the admonition, "Be gentle and keep your voice low," is New Thought, since all but savages know its truth, comprehend its import, and appreciate its excellence. ¶ Dealers in Second-Hand Thought always declare that theirs is the only genuine, and that all other is spurious and dangerous.

Dealers in New Thought say, "Take this only as it appeals to you as your own—accept it all, or in part, or reject it

all—and in any event, do not believe it merely because I say so."

New Thought is founded on the laws of your own nature, and its shibboleth is, "Know Thyself."

Second-Hand Thought is founded on authority, and its war-cry is, "Pay and Obey."

New Thought offers you no promise of paradise or eternal bliss if you accept it; nor does it threaten you with everlasting hell, if you don't. All it offers is unending work, constant effort, new difficulties; beyond each success is a new trial. Its only satisfactions are that you are allowing your life to unfold itself according to the laws of its nature. And these laws are divine, therefore you yourself are divine just as you allow the divine to possess your being. New Thought allows the currents of divinity to flow through you unobstructed.

Second-Hand Thought affords no plan of elimination; it tends to congestion, inflammation, disease and disintegration.

¶ New Thought holds all things lightly, gently, easily,—even thought. It works for a healthy circulation, and tends to health, happiness and well-being now and hereafter ☙ It does not believe in violence, force, coercion or resentment, because all these things react on the doer. It has faith that all men, if not interfered with by other men, will eventually evolve New Thought, and do for themselves what is best and right, beautiful and true.

Second-Hand Thought has always had first in its mind the welfare of the dealer. The rights of the consumer, beyond keeping him in subjection, were not considered. Indeed, its

chief recommendation has been that "it is a good police system."

New Thought considers only the user. To "Know Thyself" is all there is of it.

When a creator of New Thought goes into the business of retailing his product, he often forgets to live it, and soon is transformed into a dealer in Second-Hand Thought.

That is the way all purveyors in Second-Hand revelation begin. In their anxiety to succeed, they call in the police. The blessing that is compulsory is not wholly good, and any system of morals which has to be forced on us is immoral.

New Thought is free thought. Its penalty is responsibility. You have to live it, or lose it. Its reward is Freedom.

The Message of Wisdom is to know that rest is rust, and that Real Life lies in Love, Laughter and Work.

IT was only a little more than a hundred years before the time of Hypatia that the Roman Empire became Christian. When Constantine embraced Christianity all of his loyal subjects were from that moment Christians—Christians by edict, but Pagans by character, for the natures of men cannot be changed by the passing of a resolution. From that time every Pagan temple became a Christian Church, and every Pagan priest a Christian preacher.

Alexandria was under the rule of a Roman Prefect, or Governor. It had been the policy of Rome to exercise great tolerance in religious matters. There was a state religion, to be sure, but it was for the nobility or those who helped make the state possible. To look after the thinking of the plain people was quite superfluous—they were allowed their vagaries.

The Empire had been bold, brazen, cruel, coercive in its lust for power, but people who paid were reasonably safe. And now the Church was coming into competition with the State and endeavoring to reduce spoliation to a system.

To keep the people down and under by mental supression—by the engine of superstition—were cheaper and more effective than to employ force or resort to the old-time methods of shows, spectacles, pensions and costly diversions. When the Church took on the functions of the state, and sought to substitute the gentle Christ for Cæsar, she had to recast the teachings of Christ. Then for the first time coercion and love dwelt side by side. "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," and like passages were slipped into the Scriptures as matters of wise expediency. This was continued for many hundred years, and was considered quite proper and legitimate. It was slavery under a more subtle form.

The Bishop of Alexandria clashed with Orestes the Prefect. To hold the people under by psychologic methods was better than the old plans of alternate bribery and force—so argued the Bishop.

Orestes had come under the spell of Hypatia, and the Republic of Plato was saturating his mind.

"To rule by fettering the mind through fear of punishment in another world, is just as base as to use force," said Hypatia in one of her lectures. Orestes sat in the audience and as she spoke the words, he clapped his hands ❧ The news was carried to the Bishop, who gently declared that he would excommunicate him.

Orestes sent word back that the Emperor should be informed of how this Bishop was misusing his office by making threats of where he could land people he did not like, in another

world. Neither the Bishop nor the Prefect could unseat each other—both derived their power from the Emperor. For Orestes to grow interested in the teachings of Hypatia, instead of siding with the Bishop was looked upon by the loyalists as little short of treason.

Orestes tried to defend himself by declaring that the policies of the Cæsars had always been one of great leniency toward all schools of philosophy. Then he quoted Hypatia to the effect that a fixed, formal and dogmatic religion would paralyze the minds of men and make the race, in time, incapable of thought. Therefore the Bishop should keep his place, and not try to usurp the functions of the police. In fact it was better to think wrongly than not to think at all. We learn to think by thinking, and if the threats of the Bishop were believed at all, it would mean the death of science and philosophy.

The Bishop made answer by declaring that Hypatia was endeavoring to found a Church of her own, with Pagan Greece as a basis. He intimated, too, that the relationship of Orestes with Hypatia was very much the same as that which once existed between Cleopatra and Mark Antony. He called her "that daughter of Ptolemy," and by hints and suggestions made it appear that she would, if she could, set up an Egyptian Empire in this same city of Alexandria where Cleopatra once so proudly reigned.

The excitement increased. The followers of Hypatia, were necessarily few in numbers. They were thinkers—and to think is a task. To believe is easy. The Bishop promised his

followers a paradise of ease and rest ✍ He also threatened disbelievers with the pains of hell. A promise on this side —a threat on that! Is it not a wonder that a man ever lived who put his honest thought against such teaching when launched by men clothed in almost absolute authority! ¶ Hypatia might have lived yesterday, and her death at the hands of a mob, was an accident that might have occurred in Boston, where a respectable company once threw a rope around the neck of a good man and ran him through streets supposed to be sacred to liberty and free speech.

A mob is made up of cotton waste, saturated with oil, and a focused idea causes spontaneous combustion. Let a fire occur in most any New York State village, and the town turns wrecker, and loot looms large in the limited brain of the villager. Civilization is a veneer.

When one sees emotionalism run riot at an evangelistic revival, and five thousand people are trooping through an undesirable district at midnight, how long think you would a strong voice of opposition be tolerated?

Hypatia was set upon by a religious mob as she was going in her carriage from her lecture hall to her home. She was dragged to a near-by church with the intent of making her publicly recant, but the embers became a blaze, and the blaze became a conflagration, and the leaders lost control. The woman's clothes were torn from her back, her hair torn from her head, her body beaten to a pulp, dismembered, and then to hide all traces of the crime and distribute the guilt, so no one person could be blamed, a funeral pyre

quickly consumed the remains of what but an hour before had been a human being. Daylight came, and the sun's rays could not locate the guilty ones.

Orestes made a report of the affair, resigned his office, asked the Government at Rome to investigate, and fled from the city. Had Orestes endeavored to use his soldiery against the Bishop, the men in the ranks would have revolted. The investigation was postponed from time to time for lack of witnesses, and finally it was given out by the Bishop that Hypatia had gone to Athens, and there had been no mob and no tragedy.

The Bishop nominated a successor to Orestes, and the new official was confirmed.

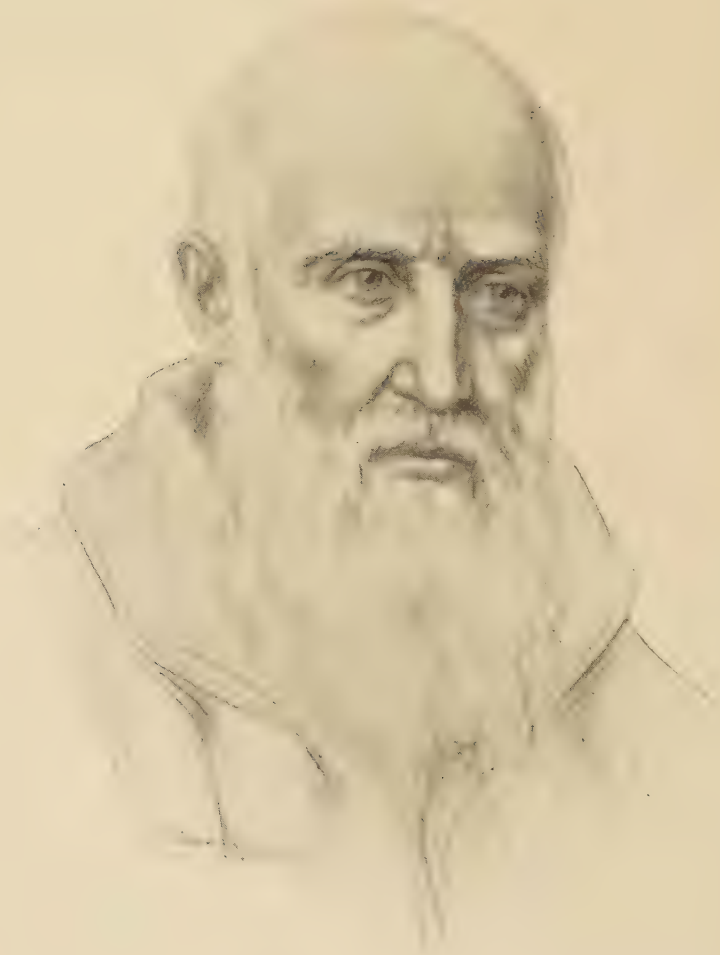
Dogmatism as a police system was supreme.

It continued until the time of Dante, or the Italian Renaissance ☙ The reign of Religious Dogmatism was supreme for a thousand years—we call it the Dark Ages.

ST BENEDICT

IF any pilgrim monk come from distant parts, if with wish as a guest to dwell in the monastery, and will be content with the customs which he finds in the place, and do not perchance by his lavishness disturb the monastery, but is simply content with what he finds: he shall be received, for as long a time as he desires. If, indeed, he find fault with anything, or expose it, reasonably, and with the humility of charity, the Abbot shall discuss it prudently, lest perchance God had sent for this very thing. But, if he have been found gossipy and contumaceous in the time of his sojourn as guest, not only ought he not to be joined to the body of the monastery, but also it shall be said to him, honestly, that he must depart. If he does not go, let two stout monks, in the name of God, explain the matter to him.

—SAINT BENEDICT



ST. BENEDICT

LITTLE JOURNEYS

S the traveler journeys through southern Italy, Sicily and certain parts of what was ancient Greece, he will see broken arches, parts of viaducts, and now and again a single, beautiful column pointing to the sky. All about is the desert, or solitary pastures, and only this white mile-stone, marking the path of the centuries and telling in its own silent, solemn and impressive way of a day that is dead. ¶ In the Fifth Century a monk called Simeon the Syrian, and known to us as Simeon Stylites, having taken the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience, began to fear greatly lest he might not be true to his pledge. And, that he might live absolutely beyond reproach, always in public view, free from temptation, and free from the tongue of scandal, he decided to live in the world, and still not be of it. To this end he climbed to the top of a marble column, sixty feet high, and there on the capstone he lived a life beyond reproach.

Simeon was then twenty-four years old.

The environment was circumscribed, but there was outlook, sunshine, ventilation—three good things. But beyond these the place had certain disadvantages ¶ The capstone was a little less than three feet square, so Simeon could not lie down. He slept sitting, with his head bowed between his knees, and indeed, in this posture he passed most of his

time. Any recklessness in movement, and he would have slipped from his perilous position and been dashed to death upon the stones beneath.

As the sun arose he stood up, just for a few moments, and held his arms out in greeting, blessing and in prayer. Three times during the day did he thus stretch his cramped limbs, and pray with his face to the East. At such times those who stood near shared in his prayers, and went away blessed and refreshed.

How did Simeon get to the top of the column?

Well, his companions at the monastery, a mile away, said he was carried there in the night by a miraculous power; that he went to sleep in his stone cell and awoke on the pillar. Other monks said that Simeon had gone to pay his respects to a fair lady, and in wrath God had caught him and placed him on high. The probabilities are however, Terese, as viewed by an unbeliever, that he shot a line over the column with a bow and arrow and then drew up a rope ladder and ascended with ease ❧ ❧

However, in the morning the simple people of the scattered village saw the man on the column. All day he stayed there. The next day he was still there.

The days passed, with the scorching heat of the midday sun, and the cool winds of the night.

Still Simeon kept his place.

The rainy season came on. When the nights were cold and dark, Simeon sat there with bowed head, and drew the folds of his single garment, a black robe, over his face.

Another season passed; the sun again grew warm, then hot, and the sand storms raged and blew, when the people below almost lost sight of the man on the column. Some prophesied he would be blown off, but the morning light revealed his form, naked from the waist up, standing with hands outstretched to greet the rising sun.

Once each day, as darkness gathered, a monk came with a basket containing a bottle of goat's milk and a little loaf of black bread, and Simeon dropped down a rope and drew up the basket.

Simeon never spoke, for words are folly, and to the calls of saint or sinner, he made no reply. He lived in a perpetual attitude of adoration.

Did he suffer? During those first weeks he must have suffered terribly and horribly. There was no respite nor rest from the hard surface of the rock, and aching muscles could find no change from the cramped and perilous position. If he fell, it was damnation for his soul—all were agreed as to this. ¶ But man's body and mind accommodate themselves to almost any condition. One thing at least, Simeon was free from economic responsibilities, free from social cares and intrusion. Bores with sad stories of unappreciated lives and fond hopes unrealized, never broke in upon his peace. He was not pressed for time. No frivolous dame of tarnished fame sought to share with him his perilous perch ❧ The people on a slow schedule, ten minutes late, never irritated his temper. His correspondence never got in a heap.

Simeon kept no track of the days, having no engagements

to meet, or offices to perform, beyond the prayers at morn, midday and night.

Memory died in him, the hurts became callouses, the world-pain died out of his heart, to cling became a habit. Language was lost in disuse. The food he ate was minimum in quantity; sensation ceased, and the dry, hot winds reduced bodily tissue to a dessicated something called a saint—loved, feared and reverenced for his fortitude.

This pillar, which had once graced the portal of a pagan temple, again became a place of pious pilgrimage, and people flocked to Simeon's rock, so that they might be near when he stretched out his black, bony hands to the East, and the spirit of Almighty God, for a space, hovered close around. ¶ So much attention did the abnegation of Simeon attract, that various other pillars, marking the ruins of art and greatness gone, in that vicinity, were crowned by pious monks ☙ Their thought was to show how Christianity had triumphed over heathenism ☙ Imitators were numerous. About that time the Bishops in assembly asked, "Is Simeon sincere?" To test the matter of Simeon's pride, he was ordered to come down from his retreat.

As to his chastity, there was little doubt and his poverty was beyond question; but how about obedience to his superiors? ¶ The order was shouted up to him in a Bishop's Voice —he must let down his rope, draw up a ladder, and descend. ¶ Straightway Simeon made preparation to obey. And then the Bishops relented and cried, "We have changed our minds, and now order you to remain!"

Simeon lifted his hands in adoration and thankfulness and renewed his lease.

And so he lived on and on and on—he lived on the top of that pillar, never once descending, for thirty years.

All of his former companions grew a-weary; one by one they died, and the monastery bells tolled their requiem as they were laid to rest. Did Simeon hear the bells and say, "Soon it will be my turn!"

Probably not. His senses had flown, for what good were they! The young monk who now at eventide brought the basket with the bottle of goat's milk and the loaf of dry bread, was born since Simeon had taken his place on the pillar. "He has always been there," the people said, and crossed themselves hurriedly.

But one evening when the young monk came with his basket, no line was dropped from above. He waited and then called aloud, but all in vain.

When sunrise came, there sat the monk, his face between his knees, the folds of his black robe drawn over his head. But he did not rise and lift his hands in prayer.

All day he sat there, motionless.

The people watched in whispered silence. Would he arise at sundown and pray, and with outstretched hands bless the assembled pilgrims?

But as they watched a vulture came sailing slowly through the blue ether, and circled nearer and nearer; and off on the horizon was another—and still another, circling nearer and nearer.

IN humanity's march of progress there is a vanguard, and a rearguard. The rearguard dwindles away into a mob of camp followers, who follow for diversion and to escape starvation. Both the vanguard and the rearguard are out of step with the main body, and therefore both are despised by the many who make up the rank and file.

And yet, out of pity, the main body supplies ambulances and "slum workers" who aim to do "good"—but this good is always for the rearguard and the camp followers, never for those who lead the line of march, and take the risk of ambush and massacre.

But this scorn of the vanguard has its recompense—often delayed, no doubt—but those who compose it are the only ones whom history honors and Clio crowns. If they get recognition in life, it is wrung tardily from an ungrateful and ungracious world. And this is the most natural thing in the world, and it would be a miracle if it were otherwise, for the very virtue of the vanguard consists in that their acts outrun human sympathy.

Benedict was a scout of civilization. In his day he led the vanguard ❧ He found the prosperous part of the world given over to greed and gluttony. The so-called religious element was in partnership with fraud, superstition, ignorance,

incompetence, and an asceticism like that of Simeon Stylites, leading to nothing.

Men know the good and grow through experience. To realize the worthlessness of place and position and of riches, you must have been at some time in possession of these. Benedict was born into a rich Roman family, in the year Four Hundred and Eighty ✠ His parents wished to educate him for the law, so he would occupy a position of honor in the state.

But at sixteen years of age, at that critical time when nerves are vibrating between manhood and youth, Benedict cut the umbilical domestic cord, and leaving his robes of purple and silken finery, suddenly disappeared, leaving behind a note which was doubtless meant to be reassuring and which was quite the reverse, for it failed to tell where his mail should be forwarded. He had gone to live with a hermit in the fastness of the mountains. He had desired to do something peculiar, strange, unusual, unique and individual, and now he had done it.

Back of it all was the Cosmic Urge, with a fair slip of a girl, and meetings by stealth in the moonlight; and then those orders from his father to give up the girl, which he obeyed with a vengeance.

Monasticism is a reversal or a misdirection of the Cosmic Urge. The will brought to bear in fighting temptation might be a power for good, if used in co-operation with Nature. But Nature to the priestly mind has always been bad. The worldly mind was one that led to ruin. To be good by doing

good was an idea the monkish mind had not grasped. His way of being good was to be nothing, do nothing—just resist. To successfully fight temptation, the Oriental Monk regarded an achievement.

One day, out on that perilous and slippery rock on the mountain side, Benedict ceased saluting the Holy Virgin long enough to conceive a thought. It was this: To be acceptable to God, we must do something in the way of positive good for man. To pray, to adore, to wander, to suffer is not enough. We must lighten the burdens of the toilers and bring a little joy into their lives. Suffering has its place, but too much suffering would destroy the race. ¶ Only one other man had Benedict ever heard of, who had put forth this argument, and that was St. Jerome; and many good men in the church regarded St. Jerome as little better than an infidel. St. Jerome was a student of the literature of Greece and Rome—"Pagan Books," they were called, "rivals of the Bible." St. Anthony had renounced and denounced these books and all of the learning of Paganism. St. Anthony, the father of Christian Monasticism dwelt on the terrible evils of intellectual pride and had declared that the joys of the mind were of a more subtle and devilish character than those of the flesh.

Anthony, assisted by inertia, had won the ear of the church; and dirt, rags and idleness had come to be regarded as sacred things ☙ ☙

Benedict took issue with Anthony.

THE Monastic Impulse is a protest against the Cosmic Urge, or reproductive desire.

Necessarily, the Cosmic Urge is older than the Monastic Impulse; and beyond a doubt it will live to dance on the grave of its rival.

The Cosmic Urge is the creative instinct. It includes all planning, purpose, desire, hope, unrest, lust and ambition. In its general sense, it is Unfulfilled Desire. It is the voice constantly crying in the ears of success, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest." It is the dissatisfaction with all things done—it is our Noble Discontent. In its first manifestation it is sex. In its last refinement it means the love of man and woman with the love of children, the home-making sense, and an appreciation of art, music and science—which is love with seeing eyes—as natural results.

Deity creates through its creatures, of which man is the highest type. But man, evolving a small spark of intellect, sits in judgment on his Creator, and finds the work bad. Of all the animals, man is the only one so far known that criticizes his environment, instead of accepting it. And we do this because, in degree, we have abandoned intuition before we have gotten control of intellect.

The Monastic Instinct is the disposition to ever look outside

of ourselves for help. We expect the Strong Man to come and give us deliverance from our woes. All nations have legends of saviors and heroes who came and set the captives free and who will come again in greater glory and mightier power and even release the dead from their graves.

The Monastic Impulse is based on world-weariness, with disappointed love, or sex surfeit, which is a phase of the same thing, as a basis. Its simplest phase is a desire for solitude ☙ ☙

"Mon" means one, and monasticism is simply living alone, apart from the world. Gradually it came to mean living alone with others of a like mind or disposition.

The clan is an extension of the family, and so is originally a monastic impulse. The Group Idea is a variant of monasticism, but if it includes men and women, it always disintegrates with the second generation, if not before, because the Cosmic Urge catches the members, and they mate, marry and swing the circle.

☙ Ernst Hæckel has recently intimated his belief that monogamy, with its exclusive life, is a diluted form of monasticism. And his opinion seems to be that in order to produce the noblest race possible, we must have a free society with a State that reverences and respects maternity and pensions any mother who personally cares for her child.

¶ Monasticism and enforced monogamy often carry a disrespect, if not a positive contempt for motherhood, especially free motherhood. We breed from the worst, under the worst conditions, and as punishment God has

made us a race of scrubs. If we had deliberately set about to produce the worst, we could not do better.

It will at once be seen that a penalized free-motherhood, is exactly like the Monastic Impulse—a protest and a revolt from the Cosmic Urge. Hence Ernst Hæckel, harking back to Schopenhauer, declares that we must place a premium upon parenthood, and the State must subsidize all mothers, visiting them with tenderness, gentleness, sanctity and respect, before we will be able to produce a race of demi-gods.

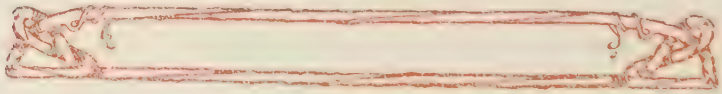
¶ The Church has aureoled and sainted the men and women who have successfully fought the Cosmic Urge. Emerson says, "We are strong as we ally ourselves with Nature, and weak as we fight against her or disregard her." Thus does Emerson place himself squarely in opposition to the Church, for the Church has ever looked upon Nature as a lure and a menace to holy living.

Now, is it not possible that the prevalency of the Monastic Impulse is proof that it is in itself a movement in the direction of Nature? Possibly its error lies in swinging out beyond the norm. A few great Churchmen have thought so. And the greatest and best of them, so far as I know, was Benedict. Through his efforts, monasticism was made a power for good, and for a time, at least, it served society and helped humanity on its way.

That the flagellants, anchorites, or monks with iron collars, and Simeon Stylites living his life perched on a pillar, benefited the human race—no one would now argue. Simeon was simply trying to please God—to secure salvation

for his soul. His assumption was that the world was base and bad. To be pure in heart you must live apart from it. His persistence was the only commendable thing about him, and this was the persistence of a diseased mind. It was beautiful just as the persistence of cancer is beautiful.

Benedict, while agreeing that the world was bad, yet said that our business was to make it better, and that everything we did, which was done merely to save our own souls, was selfish and unworthy. He advocated that in order to save our own souls, we should make it our business to save others. Also, to think too much about your own soul was to have a soul not worth saving. If this life is a preparation for another, as Simeon thought, he was not preparing himself for a world where we would care to go. The only heaven in which any sane man or woman, be they saint or sinner, would care to live, would be one where the inhabitants would be at liberty to obey the Cosmic Urge just as freely as the Monastic Impulse, and where one would be regarded as holy as the other. So thought St. Benedict.



THERE is a natural law, well recognized and defined by men who think, called the Law of Diminishing Returns, sometimes referred to as the Law of Pivotal Points ❧ ❧ A man starts in to take systematic exercise, and he finds that his strength increases ❧ He takes more exercise and keeps on until he gets "stale"—that is, he becomes sore and lame ❧ He has passed the Pivotal Point and is getting a Diminishing Return. ¶ In running a railroad engine a certain amount of coal is required to pull a train of given weight a mile, say at the rate of fifty miles an hour. You double the amount of your coal, and simple folks might say you double your speed, but railroad men know better. The double amount of coal will give you only about sixty miles instead of fifty. Increase your coal and from this on you get a Diminishing Return. If you insist on eighty miles an hour you get your speed at a terrific cost and a terrible risk.

Another case: Your body requires a certain amount of food —the body is an engine; food is fuel; life is combustion. Better the quality and quantity of your food, and up to a certain point, you increase your strength. Go on increasing your food and you get death. Loan money at five per cent and your investment is reasonably secure and safe. Loan

money at ten per cent and you do not double the returns; on the contrary, you have taken on so much risk. Loan money at twenty per cent and you will probably lose it; for the man who borrows at twenty per cent does not intend to pay if he can help it.

The Law of Diminishing Returns was what Oliver Wendell Holmes had in mind when he said: "Because I like a pinch of salt in my soup is no reason I wish to be immersed in brine."

Churches, preachers and religious denominations are good things in their time and place, and up to a certain point. Whether for you the church has passed the Pivotal Point, is for you yourself to decide. But remember this, because a thing is good up to a certain point, or has been good, is no reason why it should be perpetuated. The Law of Diminishing Returns is the natural refutation of the popular fallacy, that because a thing is good you cannot get too much of it.

It is this law that Abraham Lincoln had in mind when he said, "I object to that logic which seeks to imply that because I wish to make the negro free, I desire a black woman for a wife."

Benedict had spent five years in resistance, before it dawned upon him that Monasticism carried to a certain point was excellent and fraught with good results, but beyond that it rapidly degenerated.

To carry the plan of simplicity and asceticism to its summit and not go beyond was now his desire.

To withdraw from society, he felt was a necessity, for the petty and selfish ambitions of Rome were revolting. But the religious life did not for him preclude the joys of the intellect. In his unshaven and unshorn condition, wearing a single garment of goatskin, he dared not go back to his home. So he proceeded to make himself acceptable to decent people. He made a white robe, bathed, shaved off his beard, had his hair cut, and putting on his garments, went back to his family. The life in the wilderness had improved his health. He had grown in size and strength, and he now, in his own person, proved that a religious recluse was not necessarily unkempt and repulsive.

His people greeted him as one raised from the dead. Crowds followed him wherever he went. He began to preach to them and to explain his position.

Some of his old school associates came to him.

As he explained his position, it began more and more to justify itself in his mind. Things grow plain as we analyze them to others—by explaining to another the matter becomes luminous to ourselves.

To purify the monasteries, and carry to them all that was good and beautiful in the classics was the desire of Benedict. His wish was to reconcile the learning of the past with Christianity, which up to that time had been simply ascetic. It had consisted largely of repression, suppression and a killing out of all spontaneous, happy, natural impulses ✍ Very naturally, he was harshly criticized and when he went back to the cave where he had dwelt and tried to teach some

of his old companions how to read and write, they flew first at him, and then from him. They declared that he was the devil in the guise of a monk; that he wished to live both as a monk and as a man of the world—that he wanted to eat his cake and still keep it. By a sort of divine right he took control of affairs, and insisted that his companions should go to work with him and plant a garden and raise vegetables and fruits instead of depending upon charity or going without. ¶ The man who insists that all folks shall work, be they holy or secular, learned or illiterate, always has a hard road to travel. Benedict's companions declared that he was trying to enslave them, and one of them brewed a poison and substituted it for the simple herb tea that Benedict drank. Being discovered, the man and his conspirators escaped, although Benedict offered to forgive and forget if they would go to work.

Benedict adhered to his new inspiration with a persistency that never relaxed—the voice of God had called to him that he must clear the soil of the brambles and plant gardens. ¶ The thorn bush through which he had once rolled his naked body, he now cut down and burned. He relaxed the vigils and limited the prayers and adorations to a few short exercises just before eating, sleeping and going to work. He divided the day into three parts—eight hours for work, eight hours for study, eight hours for sleep. Then he took one half hour from each of these divisions for silent prayer and adoration. He argued, that good work was a prayer and that one could pray with his heart and lips, even as

his hands swung the ax, the sickle or grub hoe. All that Benedict required of others, he did himself, and through the daily work he evolved a very strong and sturdy physique. From the accounts that have come to us he was rather small in stature, but in strength he surpassed any man in his vicinity ❧ ❧

Miraculous accounts of his physical strength were related, and in the minds of his simple followers, he was regarded as more than a man, which shows us that the ideals of what a man should be, or might be, were not high. We are told that near Benedict's first monastery there was a very deep lake, made in the time of Nero, by damming up a mountain stream. Along this lake, the brambles and vines had grown in great confusion. Benedict set to work to clear the ground from this lake to his monastery, half a mile up the hillside. One day a workman dropped an ax into the lake. Benedict smiled, his lips moved in prayer and the ax came to the surface. ¶ The story does not say that Benedict dived to the bottom and brought up the ax, which he probably did. The next day, the owner of the ax fell into the water, and the story goes that Benedict walked out on the water and brought the man in on his shoulders.

We, who do not believe that the age of miracles has passed, can well understand how Benedict was an active, agile and strong swimmer, and that through the natural powers which he evolved by living a sane and simple life, he was able to perform many feats which peasants round about considered miraculous ❧ ❧

Benedict had what has been called the Builder's Itch. He found a great joy in planning, creating and constructing. He had an eye for architecture and landscape gardening. He utilized the materials of old Roman temples to construct Christian churches and from the same quarry he took stone and built a monastery. A Roman ruin had a lure for him. It meant building possibilities. He stocked the lake with fish and then made catches that rivaled the parable of the loaves and fishes. Only the loaves of Benedict were made from the wheat he himself raised, and the people he fed were the crowds who came to hear him preach the gospel he himself practiced,—the gospel of work, moderation and the commonsense exercise of head, hand and heart.

TO Benedict came twelve disciples. But further applications becoming numerous, to meet the pressure, Benedict kept organizing them in groups of twelve, appointing a superior over each group. In order to prove his sense of equality he had but eleven beside himself in the monastery. He recognized that leadership was a necessity; but the clothes he wore were no better, and the

food he ate no different from what the others had. Yet to enforce discipline, rules were made and instant obedience was exacted. Benedict took his turn at waiting on the table and doing the coarsest tasks.

Were it not for the commonsense methods of life, and the element of human service, the Christian monastery and probably Christianity itself would not have survived. The dogma of religion was made acceptable by blending it with a service for humanity. And even to this day the popular plan of proving the miracles of the Old Testament to have been actual occurrences, is to point to the schools, hospitals and orphan asylums that Christian people have provided.

¶ In the efforts of Benedict to combine the life of unselfish service with intellectual appreciation of classic literature, he naturally was misunderstood. Several times he came near having serious collisions with the authorities of the Church at Rome.

His preaching attracted the jealous attention of certain churchmen, but as he was not a priest, the Pope refused to take notice of his supposed heresies.

An effort was made to compel him to become a priest, but Benedict refused on the plea that he was not worthy. The fact was, however, that he did not wish to be bound by the rules of the Church.

In one sense, his was a religion inside a religion, and a slight accident might have precipitated an opposition denomination, just as the Protestant issue of Luther was an accident and the Methodism of the Wesleys, another.

Several times the opposition, in the belief that Benedict was an enemy of the church, went so far as to try to kill him. And once a few pious persons in Rome induced a company of wanton women to go out to Benedict's monastery and disport themselves through his beautiful grounds. This was done with two purposes in view; one was to work the direct downfall of the Benedictines, with the aid of the trulls, and the other was to create a scandal among the visitors who would carry the unsavory news back to Rome and supply the gossips raw-stock.

Benedict was so deeply grieved by the despicable trick, that he retired to his former home, the cave in the hillside, and there remained without food for a month.

But during this time of solitude his mind was busy with new plans. He now founded Mount Cassino. The site is half way between Rome and Naples, and the white classic lines of the buildings can be seen from the railroad. There on the crags, from out of a mass of green, has been played out for over a thousand years the drama of religious life. Death by fire and sword has been the fate of many of the occupants. But the years went by, new men came, the ruins were repaired and again the cloisters were trodden by pious feet of holy men. Goths, Lombards, Saracens, Normans, Spaniards, Teutons, and finally came Napoleon Bonaparte, who confiscated the property, making the place his home for a brief space. Later he relented and took it from the favorite upon whom he had bestowed it, and gave it back to the Church ☙ It then remained a Benedictine

monastery until the edict of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-six, which by the help of Massini and Garibaldi, made the monastery in Italy a thing of the past. The place is now a school—a school with a co-ed proviso. Thus passes away the glory of the world, in order that a greater glory shall appear. ¶ Six hundred years before Benedict's day on the site of the cloister of Monte Cassino, stood a temple to Apollo, and just below was a grove sacred to Venus. ¶ Two hundred years before Benedict's time the Goths had done their work so well that even the walls of the temple to Apollo were razed, and the sacred grove became the home of wild beasts. ¶ To this deserted place came Benedict and eleven men, filled with a holy zeal to erect on this very spot an edifice worthy of the living God. Here the practical builder and the religious dreamer combined. If you are going to build a building, why not build upon the walls already laid and with blocks ready hewn and fashioned!

The Monte Cassino monastery of Benedict, rivaled in artistic beauty the temple that it replaced.

Man is a building animal, and the same Creative Energy that impelled the Greeks and later the Romans to plan, devise, toil and build, now played through the good monk Benedict. His desire to create was a form of the great Cosmic Urge, that lives eternally and is building in America a finer, better and nobler religion than the world has ever seen—a Religion of Humanity—a religion of which at times Benedict caught vivid passing glimpses, as one sees at night the landscape brilliantly illumined by the lightning's flash.

ST. BENEDICT

THE motto of Benedict was "Ecce Labora." These words were carved on the entrance to every Benedictine Monastery.

The monastic idea originated in the Orient, where nature placed no special penalty on idleness. Indeed, labor may have been a curse in Asia. Morality is crystallized expediency, and both, as we are told, are matters of geography, as well as time. And truth it is, that north of the Mediterranean idleness is the curse, not labor.

The rule of Benedict was not unlike that of the Shakers, for near every monastery was a nunnery. The association of men and women, although quite limited, was better for both than their absolute separation, as with the Trappists, who regard it a sin even to look upon the face of a woman. ¶ The thrift and industry of the Benedictines was worthy of Ann Lee and our friends at Lebanon. A man who works eight hours, with fair intelligence, and does not set out to make consumption and waste the business of his life, grows rich. Thoreau was right, an hour a day will support you. But Thoreau was wrong in supposing that men work only to get food, clothing and shelter. To work only an hour a day is to evolve into a loafer. We work not to acquire, but to become

The group idea cemented by able leadership, and a religious concept, is always successful. The Mormons, Quakers, Harmonyites, Economites, the Oneida Community, all grew very rich, and surpassed their neighbors not only in point of money, but in health, happiness, intelligence and general mental grasp.

Brook Farm failed for lack of a leader with business instinct, but as it was, it divided up among its members a rich legacy of spiritual and mental assets. In family life, or what is called "Society," there is a constant danger through rivalry, not in well doing or in human service, but in conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure. The religious rite of feet-washing is absolutely lost, both as a rite and as an idea. In truth "good society" is essentially predatory in its instincts. In communal life, or the life of a group, service and not waste is the watchword. This must be so since every group, at its beginning, is held together through the thought of service. To meet and unite on a basis of jealous rivalry and sharp practice is unthinkable, for these are the things that disintegrate the group.

It is an economic law that a group founded upon and practising the idea of each member giving all, wins all. Benedict's idea of "Ecce Labora," made every Benedictine monastery a center of wealth. Work stops bickering, strife, and undue waste. It makes for health and strength. The reward of work is not immunity from toil, but more work—and increased capacity for effort. ¶ De Tocqueville gave this recipe for success: Subdue yourself—Devote yourself.

That is to say, subdue the ego to a point where it gets its gratification in concentrating on unselfish service. He who does this always succeeds, for not only is he engaged upon a plan of life in which there is little competition, but he is working in line with a divine law, the law of mutuality, which provides that all the good you do to others, you do for yourself ❧ ❧

Benedictine monasticism leads straight to wealth and great power. The Abbot of the group became a Baron. "I took the vow of poverty, and it led to an income of twenty thousand pounds a year. I took the vow of obedience and find myself ruler of fifty towns and villages."

These are the words which Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of an Abbot, who became a Baron through the simple law to which I have hinted. And in his novel of "The Abbot," Sir Walter gives a tragic picture of how power and wealth can be lost as well as won. Feudalism began with the rule of the monastery.

Benedict was one of the world's great Captains of Industry. And like all great enterprisers, he won through utilizing the efforts of others. In picking his Abbots, or the men to be "father" of each particular group, he showed rare skill. These men learned from him and he learned from them. One of his best men was Cassiodorus, the man who evolved the scheme of the scriptorium. "To study eight hours a day was not enough," said Cassiodorus. "We should copy the great works of literature so that every monastery shall have a library as good as that which we have at Monte Cassino."

He himself was an expert penman, and he set himself the task of teaching the monks how to write as well as read. "To write beautifully is a great joy to our God," he said. ¶ Benedict liked the idea, and at once put it into execution. Cassiodorus is the patron saint of every maker of books who loves his craft.

The systematic work of the scriptorium originated in the brain of Cassiodorus, and he was appointed by Benedict to go from one monastery to another and inform the Abbot that a voice had come from God to Benedict saying that these precious books must be copied, and presented to those who would prize them.

Cassiodorus had been a secretary of state under the Emperor Theodoric, and he had also been a soldier. He was seventy years of age when he came under the influence of Benedict, through a chance visit to Monte Cassino. Benedict at first ordered him to take an ax and work with the servants at grubbing out underbrush and preparing a field for planting. Cassiodorus obeyed, and soon discovered that there was a joy in obedience he had before never guessed. His name was Brebantus Varus, but on his declaring he was going to remain and work with Benedict, he was complimented by being given the name of Cassiodorus, suggested by the word Cassinum or Cassino. Cassiodorus lived to be ninety-two, and was one of the chief factors after Benedict himself, in introducing the love of art and beauty among the Benedictines. ¶ Near Monte Cassino was a nunnery, presided over by Scholastica, the twin sister of Benedict.

Renan says that the kinship of Scholastica and Benedict was a spiritual tie, not one of blood. If so, we respect it none the less. St. Gregory tells of the death of Benedict thus, "Benedict was at the end of his career. His interview with Totila took place in Five Hundred and Forty-two, in the year which preceded his death, and from his earliest days of the following year, God prepared him for his last struggle, by requiring from him the sacrifice of the most tender affection he had retained on earth. The beautiful and touching incident of the last meeting of Benedict and his twin sister, Scholastica, is a picture long to remember. At the window of his cell, three days after her death, Benedict had a vision of his dear sister's soul entering heaven in the form of a snowy dove. He immediately sent for the body and placed it in a sepulchre which he had already prepared for himself, that death might not separate those whose souls had always been united in God.

The death of his sister was the signal of departure for himself. He survived her forty days ✠ He announced his death to several of his monks, then far from Monte Cassino. A violent fever having seized him, he caused himself on the sixth day of his sickness to be carried to the chapel of St. John the Baptist; he had before ordered the tomb in which his sister already slept to be opened. There, supported in the arms of his disciples, he received the holy Viaticum, then placing himself at the side of the open grave, but at the foot of the altar, and with his arms extended towards heaven, he died, standing, muttering a last prayer. Such a victorious death

became that great soldier of God. He was buried by the side of his beloved Scholastica, in a sepulchre made on the spot where stood the altar of Apollo, which had been replaced by another to our beloved Savior."

IN the very year, and at the same time that Justinian and Theodora were preparing the Justinian Code, Benedict was busy devising "The Monastic Rules." Benedict did not put his rules forth as final, but explained that they were merely expedient for their time and place. In this he was singularly modest. If one can divest himself of the thought that there was anything "holy" or "sacred" about these communal groups called "monasteries," and then read these rules, he will see that they were founded on a good knowledge of economics and a very stern commonsense.

Humanity was the same a thousand years ago that it is now. Benedict had to fight inertia, selfishness and incipient paranoia, just as does the man who tries to introduce practical socialism to-day. A few extracts from this very remarkable Book of Rules will show the shrewd Connec-

ticut wisdom of Benedict. To hold the dowdy, indifferent, slip-shod and underdone in their proper places, so they could not disturb or destroy the peace, policy and prosperity of the efficient, was the task of Benedict.

Benedict says, "Written and formal rules are only necessary because we are all faulty men, with a tendency towards selfishness and disorder. When men become wise, and also unselfish, there will be no need of rules and laws."

The Book of Rules by Benedict is a volume of over twenty thousand words. Its scope reveals an insight that will appeal to all who have had to do with socialistic experiments, not to mention the management of labor unions. Benedict was one of the industrial leaders of the world. His life was an epoch, and his influence still abides.

MARY BAKER EDDY

THE chief stones in the temple of Christian Science are to be found in the following postulates: that Life is God, good and not evil; that Soul is sinless, not to be found in the body; that Spirit is not and cannot be materialized; that Life is not subject to death; that the spiritual real man has no consciousness of material life or death.—MARY BAKER EDDY.

MARY BAKER EDDY

LITTLE JOURNEYS

ET the fact be stated that Mary Baker Eddy is the founder of Christian Science.

This woman is still alive, alert, receptive. She is still discovering. We know this because she puts out a new message every little while, or modifies an old one, having come in the meantime into a position to get a nearer and clearer view of the fact. The last edition of "Science and Health" is a different book from the first one. ¶ Christian Science is not a fixed, formed, fossilized, ossified structure. Possibly it may become so. But the probabilities are that it will grow, expand, advance. ¶ Life and growth consist in eliminating dead matter, and evolving new tissue.

The institution—commercial, artistic, social, political, religious—that has ceased to grow has begun to disintegrate. Christian Scientists do not flee the world, renouncing and denouncing it. As a people they are well, happy, hopeful, enthusiastic and successful.

I am fairly well informed on the history of all great religions. In degree I know the character of intellect possessed by the folks who make or made up their membership ✍ And my opinion is, that no religion that has ever existed contained so large a percentage of intelligent people, competent, safe and sane, as does Christian Science.

There is an adage to the effect that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. In the case of Mary Baker Eddy the adage just quoted goes awry. ¶ Mrs. Eddy has retained the good will of Concord, Boston and Brookline, where she now resides. Very many of the leading men and women of each of these cities are Christian Scientists ☙ The Christian Science Church at Concord cost upwards of two hundred thousand dollars, and was the gift of Mrs. Eddy. Over the entrance, cut deep in granite, are the words, "Presented by Mary Baker Eddy, Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science."

As to the argument that the truths of Christian Science have always been known and practiced by a few, Mrs. Eddy issues her direct challenge. In all of her literature she sets out the unqualified statement that she is "The Discoverer and the Founder." She is not apologetic—she assumes no modesty she does not feel—she speaks as one having authority, as did Moses of old, "Thus saith the Lord!"

She enters into no joint debates; she does not answer back. ¶ This intense conviction which admits of no parley is one of the secrets of her power.

Up to ten years ago the Billingsgate Calendar was directed at her upon every possible occasion ☙ Now Mrs. Eddy has won, and legislation and courts have whistled in their hounds. Your right to keep well in your own way is fully recognized. Doctors are not liable when they give innocent sweetened water and call it medicine, nor do we place Christian Scientists on trial if their patients die, any more than

we do the M. D.'s. Mrs. Eddy has influenced both the so-called sciences of medicine and theology ❧ Even those who deny her and noisily discard her are debtors to her. Homeopathy modified the dose of all the Allopathists; and Christian Science has attenuated the Hahnemanian theory of attenuations, it having been found that the blank tablet often cures quite as effectively as the one that is medicated. Christian Science does not shout, rant, defy or preach. It is poised, silent, sure and the flagellants, like the dervishes, are noticeable by their absence. The Rev. Billy Sunday is not a Christian Scientist. The Christian Scientist does not cut into the grape; specialize on the elevated spheroid; devote his energies to bridge whist; cultivate the scandal microbe; join the anvil chorus nor shake the red rag of wordy warfare. He is diligent in business, fervent in spirit, and accepts what comes without protest, finding it good. Mary Baker Eddy has lived a human life. Through her manifold experiences she has gathered gear—she is a very great and wise woman. She is so great that she keeps her own counsel, receives no visitors, makes no calls, has no Thursday, writes no letters and never goes to the church that she presented to her native town.

Mrs. Eddy's step is light, her form erect—a slender, handsome, queenly woman.

She is sixty, you would say. The fact is she was born in Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-one, and although she keeps no birthdays, she might have kept eighty-seven of them ❧ Her face shows experience, but not extreme age. The corners

of her mouth do not turn down. Her eyes are not dimmed nor her face wrinkled. The day I last saw her she was dressed all in white satin and looked like a girl going to a ball. Her hat was a milliner's dream; her gloves came to the elbow and were becomingly wrinkled; her form is the form of Bernhardt. ¶ Her secretary stood by the carriage door, his head bared. He did not offer his hand to the lady nor seek to assist her into the carriage ☙ He knew his business—a sober, silent, muscular, bronzed, farmer-like man, who evidently saw everything and nothing. He closed the carriage door and took his seat by the side of the driver, who wore no livery. The men looked like brothers.

The big brown horses started slowly away; they wore no blinders nor check-reins—they, too, have banished fear. The coachman drove with a loose rein.

The next day I waited in Concord, to see Mrs. Eddy again. At exactly two-fifteen the big, brown, slow-going horses turned into Main Street. Drays pulled in to the curb, automobiles stopped, people stood on the street corners, and some —the pilgrims—uncovered ☙ Mrs. Eddy sat back in the carriage, holding in her white-gloved hands a big spray of apple blossoms, the same half smile of satisfaction on her face—the smile of Pope Leo the Thirteenth.

The woman is a veritable queen, and some of her devotees, not without reason, call her The Queen of the World. Some doubtless pray to her. Mrs. Eddy has been married three times. First, to Gilbert Glover, an excellent and worthy man, who is the father of her only child, a son. On the death of

Glover, the child was taken by Glover's mother and secreted so effectually that his mother did not see him until he was thirty-four years old, and the father of a family.

Her second husband was a Dr. Patterson, who was not only a rogue but a fool—a flashy one, that turned the head of a lone, lorn young widow, who certainly was not infallible in judgment. In two years the wife got a divorce from the doctor on the grounds of cruelty and desertion, at Salem, Massachusetts.

Her third marital venture was Dr. Eddy, a practicing physician—a man of much intelligence and worth. From these two doctors Mrs. Eddy learned that the Science of Medicine was no science at all.

Mrs. Eddy has stated that her husband was her first convert, and Dr. Eddy gave up his practice to assist his wife in putting before the world the unreality of disease. That he did not fully grasp the idea is shown by the fact that he died of pneumonia.

This, however, did not shake the faith of Mrs. Eddy in the doctrine that sickness was an error of mortal mind. For a good many years Mrs. Eddy drove the memory of her two good husbands tandem, hitched by a hyphen, thus: Mary Baker Glover-Eddy. Many a woman has joined her own name to that of her husband, but what woman ever before so honored the two men she had loved by coupling their names! Getting married is a bad habit, Mrs. Eddy would probably say, but you have to get married to find it out.

¶ In Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-nine, Mrs. Eddy organ-

ized the first Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, and became its pastor. In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one, being then sixty years of age, she founded "The Metaphysical College," in Boston. For ten years she had been speaking in public, affirming that health was our normal condition and that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

From her fiftieth to her sixtieth year she was glad to speak for what was offered, although I believe even then she had discarded the good old priestly plan of taking up a collection. ¶ The Metaphysical College was started to prepare students for teaching Mrs. Eddy's doctrines. The business ability of the woman was shown in thus organizing and allowing no one to teach who was not duly prepared. These students were obliged to pay a good stiff tuition, which fact made them appreciative ☙ In turn they went out and taught; all students paid the tidy sum of one hundred dollars for the lessons, which fee has been cut to fifty. Salvation may be free, but Christian Science costs money. The theological genus piker, with his long, wrinkled, black coat, his collar buttoned behind and his high hat, is eliminated.

Mrs. Eddy manages the best methodized institution in the world, save only the Roman Catholic Church and the Standard Oil Company. How many million copies of "Science and Health" have been sold, no man can say. What percentage of the money from the lessons goes to Mrs. Eddy only an Armstrong Committee could ascertain, and it is really nobody's business, but hers. That Mrs. Eddy has some very skilful helpers goes without saying. But here is the point

—she selected them, and she is supreme. ¶ That the student who pays fifty dollars gets his money's worth, I have no doubt. Not that he understands the lessons, or that any one does or can, but he receives a feeling of courage and a oneness with the whole which causes health to flow through his veins and his heart to beat with joy. The lesson may be to him a jumble of words, but he expects soon to grow to a point where the lines are luminous. In the meantime, all he knows is that whereas he was once lame he can now walk.

Even the most bigoted and prejudiced now agree that the cures of Christian Science are genuine.

People who think they have trouble have it, and it is the same with pain. Imagination is the only sure-enough thing in the world.

Mrs. Eddy's doctrines abolish pain and therefore abolish poverty, for poverty in America, at least, is a disease.

Mrs. Eddy's chief characteristics are:

First—Love of Beauty as manifest in bodily form, dress and surroundings.

Second—A zeal for system, order and concentrated effort on the particular business she undertakes.

Third—A dignity, courage, self-sufficiency and self-respect that comes from a belief in her own divinity.

Fourth—An economy of time, money, materials, energy and emotion that wastes nothing, but which continually conserves and accumulates.

Fifth—A liberality, when advisable, which is only possible

to those who also economize. ¶ Sixth—Yankee shrewdness, great commonsense, all flavored with a dash of mysticism and indifference to physical scientific accuracy. In other words, Christian Science is a woman's science—she knows! And it is good because it is good—this is a science sound enough for anybody—I guess so! Christian Science is scientific, but not for the reasons that its promoters maintain. ¶ Male Christian Scientists do not growl and kick the cat. Women Christian Scientists do not nag. Christian Scientists do not have either the grouch or meddler's itch. Among them there are no dolorosos, grumperinos or beggars. They respect all other denominations, having a serene faith that all will yet see the light—that is to say, adopt their doctrines.

The most radical among old school doctors could not deny that Mrs. Eddy's own life is conducted on absolutely scientific lines. She never answers the telephone, nor fusses and fumes. She hires big, safe people and pays them a big wage. She pays her coachman fifty dollars a week, and her cook in proportion and thus gets people who give her peace.

She goes to bed with the birds and awakens with the dawn

At seven o'clock she is at her desk, dictating answers to the very few letters her secretary thinks she should see.

She has breakfast at nine o'clock—eats anything she likes, taking her time and fletcherizing. After breakfast she works at her manuscripts until it is time for the daily ride.

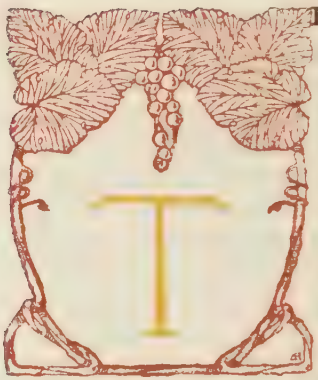
At four o'clock she dines—two meals a day being the rule. If she cares to dissipate a little and eat three meals a day, she is

not afraid to do so. ¶ She knows her horses and cows and sheep by name, and gives requests as to their care, holding that the laws of mind obtain as to dumb animals the same as man. Dogs she does not care for, and if she had an aversion it would be cats. ¶ Her servants, she calls "my helpers." ¶ Christian Scientists very naturally believe in the equality of the sexes. When girl babies are born to them they bless God, just the same as when boy babies are born. In truth they bless God for everything, for to them all is beautiful and all is good. ¶ Paid preachers they do not have; they do not believe in priests or certain men who are nearer to God than others. All have access to Eternal Truth, and thus is the ecclesiastic excluded

To eliminate the theological middleman is well, and as for the Church itself, surely Mrs. Eddy has eliminated it also; for she never enters a church, or at least not more than once a year, and then it is in deference to the architect. A Church! Is it necessary? For herself Mrs. Eddy says, No. But as for others, she says, Yes, a church is good for those who need it.

Mrs. Eddy is the most successful author in the world, or that the world has ever seen. No writer ever made as much money as she, none is more devoutly read Shakespeare, with his fortune of a quarter of a million dollars, fades into comparative failure; and Arthur Brisbane, with his salary of seventy-five thousand a year, is an office-boy compared with this regal woman who gives fifty thousand dollars a year for good roads.

MARY BAKER EDDY



THE valuable truths and distinguishing features of Christian Science are not to be found in Mrs. Eddy's books, but in Mrs. Eddy's life ❧ She is a much bigger woman than she is a writer ❧ ❧

Emerson says that every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a single man. Every great business enterprise has a soul—one man's spirit animates, pervades and tints the whole. You can go into any hotel or store, and behold! the nature or character of the owner or manager is everywhere proclaimed.

You do not have to see the man, and the bigger the institution the less need is there for the man to show himself.

His work proclaims him, just as a farmer's live stock all moo, whinney and squeal his virtues—or lack of them.

As a boy of ten I learned to know all of our neighbors by their horses. The horses of a drunkard, blanketless, hungry, shivering outside of the village tavern, do they not proclaim the poor, despised owner within?

You can walk through the passenger coaches of a train made up at a terminal and read the character unmistakably of the general passenger agent.

The soul of John Wesley ran through Methodism and made it what it was. ¶ The Lutherism of Luther yet lives;

Calvinism the same, and the soul of John Knox still goes marching on, carrying the Presbyterian banner.

Every religion partakes of the nature of its founder, until this religion is mixed with that of another and its character lost, as happened to the religion of Christ when it was launched by Paul and finally fused with paganism by the Roman Emperor, Constantine.

Christian Science is as yet the lengthened shadow of Mary Baker Eddy. Her own immediate, personal pupils are still teaching, and her life and characteristics impressed upon them, are given out to each and all. Every phase of life is solved by answering the question, "What would Mrs. Eddy do?" Mrs. Eddy's ideas about dress, housekeeping, business, food, health, the management of servants, the care of children—all are blended into a composite, and this composite is the Christian Scientist as we see and know him. ¶ The fact that Mrs. Eddy is methodical, industrious, economical, persevering, courageous, hopeful, helpful, neat in her attire and smiling, makes all Christian Scientists exactly so. ¶ She does not play cards and indulge in the manifold silliness of so-called good society, and neither do they. Indeed, that one thing which has been referred to as "the plaster-Paris smile," the one feature in Christian Science to which many good people object, is the direct legacy of Mrs. Eddy to her pupils. "Science and Health" says nothing about it; no edict has been put forth recommending it, but all good Christian Scientists take it on—the smile that refuses to vacate the premises. And to some it is certainly very becoming

Mrs. Eddy's self-reliant, silent, smiling personality has given the key to conduct for the hundreds of thousands of people who love her.

Mrs. Eddy is a rare good listener. She does not argue—once she did, long years ago, but now her only answer to impatience is the quiet smile. As for eating, her table has enough, but stops short of surfeit; the service is dainty, and all these things are seen in the homes of Christian Scientists. Always in the home of a good Christian Scientist the bathroom is as complete as the library, and both are models of good housekeeping, seemingly always in order for the inspection committee.

Mrs. Eddy does not say much about hot water, soap and clean towels, but the idea, regardless of the non-existence of matter, is fixed in the consciousness of every Christian Scientist that absolute bodily cleanliness, fresh linen and fresh air are not only next to godliness, but elements of it. All of which you could never work out of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" in a lifetime of study, any more than you could mine and smelt the Westminster Catechism out of the Bible.

The vital truths of right living come to us as a precious heritage from the character of this great woman. She, herself, may not know this; but before she wrote her book and formulated her religion, she lived her life. Her book is an endeavor to explain her life, and as her life grew better, stronger and more refined, she has changed her book. Her book has reacted on her life, and the person who has gotten

most good out of "Science and Health" is Mary Baker Eddy. ¶ "Science and Health" is mystical and beautifully human. The author's oar often fails to catch the water. For instance, she tries to show that animal magnetism, spiritualism, mental science, theosophy, agnosticism, pantheism and infidelity are all bad things and opposed to the science of "true being." ¶ This statement presupposes that animal magnetism, infidelity, theosophy and agnosticism are specific entities or things, whereas they are only labels that are clapped quite indiscriminately on empty casks or full ones; and the contents of the casks may be sea-water or wine, and are really unknown to both mortal and divine mind, whatever these things are. Theosophists like Annie Besant, Spiritualists like Alfred Russel Wallace, Agnostics like Huxley and Ingersoll are very noble and beautiful people. They are good neighbors and useful citizens.

"Science and Health" is an attempt to catch and hold in words the secrets of an active, honest, healthful, seeking, restless, earnest life, and as such is more or less of a failure. ¶ Our actions are right, but our reasons seldom are.

Christian Science as a plan of life, embodying the great yet simple virtues, is beautiful. "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" does not explain the Scriptures. The book, as an attempt to explain and crystallize truth, is a failure. It ranks with that great mass of literature, written and copied at such vast pains and expense called, "Writings of the Saints."

ALL publishers are familiar with inspired manuscripts. Such work always has one thing in common —unintelligibility. Good literature is lucid to the average mind. In fact, that is its distinguishing feature. We understand what the man means. No able writer uses the same word over and over with varying sense ❧ Alfred Henry Lewis and William Marion Reedy use the mortal mind, and their work is understandable ❧ You can sit in judgment on their conclusions and weigh, sift and decide for yourself. They make an appeal to your intellect.

But you cannot sit in judgment on "Science and Health," because its language is not the language we use in our common, everyday intercourse with each other. It speaks of Christ as a person, a principle, a spirit, a motive, as "Truth;" as one who was born of one parent or no parents, who lived, died or never lived, never was born, and cannot die ❧ ❧

Metaphysics is an attempt to explain a thing and thereby evade the trouble of understanding it. You throw the burden of proof on the other fellow—and make him believe he does not comprehend because he is too stupid. This is not fair! ¶ Language is simply an agreement between people that certain vocal sounds, or written symbols, shall stand for

certain ideas, thoughts or things. ¶ Inspired writers string intelligent words together in an unintelligent manner, and thereby give the reader an opportunity to read anything into them that his preconceived thoughts may dictate. Metaphysical gibberish is a rudimentary survival of the practice of reading to the people in a dead language. The doctors continue the plan by writing prescriptions in Latin.

I once worked in a studio where the boys scraped their palette knives on a convenient board. One day we took the board out and had it framed under glass, with a double, deep shadow box. We gave it the best place in the studio and labeled it, "A Sunset at Sea—an Impression in Monochrome."

The picture attracted much attention and great admiration from certain symbolists. It also created so much controversy that we were obliged to take it down in the interests of amity. ¶ To assume that God inspired the Scriptures, and did the work so ill that, after more than two thousand years it was necessary to inspire another person to make a "Key" to them, is hardly worthy of our serious attention ❧ If God, being all-wise, all-powerful and all-loving, turns author, why does He produce work so muddy that it requires a "Key?" ¶ Individuals may use a code that requires a "Key," because they wish to keep their matter secret from others. There may be for them a penalty on truth, but why Deity should write in a secret language, and then wait two thousand years before making the matter plain, and then to one single woman in Boston, is incomprehensible.

What the world wants now is a Key to "Science and Health." ¶ In reading a book, the question that interests us is not "Is it inspired?" but, "Is it true?"

Mrs. Eddy's ranks are recruited almost entirely from Orthodox Christianity. On page six hundred and eight of "Science and Health," pocket edition of Nineteen Hundred and Six, a lawyer gives testimony to the good he has gotten from Christian Science, and explains that he has long been a member of the Episcopal Church. He is delighted to know that he has not had to relinquish any of his old faith, but has simply kept the old and added to it the new.

This explains, in great degree, the popularity of Christian Science ☙ People cling to the religious superstitions into which they were born. Mrs. Eddy's recruits are not from theosophy, spiritualism, agnosticism, unitarianism, universalism or infidelity. You can't give a free-thinker a book with a statement of what he must find in it. He has acquired the habit of thinking for himself.

Mrs. Eddy has no faith in Darwin, Spencer or Hæckel. She quotes Moses, Jesus and Paul to disprove the evolutionists, sits back and smiles content, innocently unaware that citations from Scriptures are in no sense proof to free minds. ¶ All of the Bible she wishes to waive, she does. The cruelty and beastiality of Jehovah are nothing to her. Her "Key" does not unlock the secrets of Deuteronomy and Leviticus, nor does it shed light on the doctrines of eternal punishment, the vicarious atonement, or the efficacy of baptism as a saving ordinance.

Explanations about mortal mind, divine mind and human mind, citing specific errors of the human mind, with a calm codicil to the effect that the human mind has no existence, is not illuminating literature.

It is simply "inspired."

Mrs. Eddy is very wise in not allowing her "readers" or followers to sermonize or explain her writings. These writings are simply to be read. And so the hearers sit steeped in mist and wrapped in placidity, returning to their work rested and refreshed, without being influenced in any way, save by the soothing calm of forceful fog and mental vacuity. The rest and relief from all thought is good.

The related experiences of Christian Scientists are the things that convince and carry weight, not "Science and Health."

¶ "Science and Health" is made to sell. It is not given to you to be understood, it is to be bought and believed. If you doubt any portion of it, at once you are told that this is the work of your mortal mind, which is filled with error.

¶ Good Christian Scientists do not try to understand "Science and Health,"—they just accept and believe it. "It is inspired," they say, "so it must be true—you will know when you are worthy to know."

And so we see our old friend Intellectual Tyranny come back in another form, not with cowl and cape, but tricked out with feminine finery and jewelry and gems that lure and dazzle.

There is one thing quite as valuable as health, and that is intellectual integrity.

To say, "Oh, 'Science and Health' is certainly inspired—just see how old Mrs. Johnson was cured of the rheumatism!" is not reasoning. And it has given the scoffers excuse for calling it woman's logic.

Such reasoning is on the plane of, "Why, Jesus must have been the only begotten son of God, born of a virgin, for if you don't believe it, just see the hospitals, orphan asylums and homes for the aged that Christianity has built!"

Mrs. Johnson was surely cured of the rheumatism all right, but that does not prove that Mrs. Eddy is correct in her claim that Eve was made from Adam's rib; that agamogenesis is a fact in nature; that to till the soil will not always be necessary; that human life in these bodies will have no end; and that an absent person can poison your health and happiness through malicious animal magnetism; or that a good person can give you absent treatment and cure your indigestion.

I agree with Mrs. Eddy as to the necessity of eliminating a medical fetich, but I disagree with her about religiously preserving a theological one.

I have read "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" for twenty years, and I have also read the Scriptures for a much longer period. Also, I have lived in the same house for many months with very intelligent Christian Scientists. And after mature consideration I regard both the Scriptures and "Science and Health" as largely made up of the errors of mortal mind.

My intuitions are just as valuable to me as Mrs. Eddy's are

to her. My conscience is quite as sacred to me as hers is to her. And in being an agnostic I object to being classed as blind, stubborn, wilful, malicious and degenerate ❧ We should honor our Creator by cleaving to the things that seem to us to be true, and not abandon the rudder of our minds to any man or woman who ever lived or who lives now.

Let us not be dishonest with ourselves, even to rid us of our physical diseases.

As for health, I have all of it that Christian Science ever gave or can give. I have no "testimony" of healing to relate for I have never been sick an hour. And I think I know how I have kept well. I make no secret of it. It is all very simple—nothing miraculous. And my knowledge of how to keep well is not inspired knowledge, save as all men are inspired who study and know the Laws of Nature.

ACK of the reading desks, in the "Mother Church," at Boston, are quotations from Paul and Mrs. Eddy, side by side. But the quotation from Paul, which is behind the woman reader's desk is not this: "Let women keep silence in the churches."

Mrs. Eddy believes the Scriptures are all true, word for word. Yet when she quotes Paul she picks the thing she wants and avoids all that does not apply to her case.

Personally, I like this plan. I do it myself. But I do not believe the Scriptures are inspired by an all-wise Deity. So far as I know all books were written by men, and very often by faulty, human men at that. Mrs. Eddy's "Key" does not unlock anything; and she does not try to unlock any passages excepting the passages that seemingly have a bearing on her belief.

That is, Mrs. Eddy believes things first, and then skirmishes for proof. This is a very old plan. Says Shakespeare, "In religion what damned error but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text, hiding the grossness thereof with fair ornament."

Let no one read "Science and Health" in the hope of finding in it simple and sensible statements concerning life and its duties. They are not there.

I append a few quotations, and in mentioning the page I refer to the pocket or "Oxford" edition of Nineteen Hundred and Six.

On page one hundred eighty-three of "Science and Health" I find: "The Scriptures inform us that sin, or error, first caused the condemnation of man to till the ground, and indicate that obedience to God will remove this necessity." ¶ Mrs. Eddy believes that work is a punishment, and that the day will come when God will remove the necessity of farming and making garden. Can a sane person reply to such lack of logic?

On page five hundred and forty-seven is this: "If one of the statements in this book is true, every one must be true, for not one departs from its system and rule. You can prove for yourself, dear reader, the Science of healing, and so ascertain if the author has given you the correct interpretation of Scripture."

This is evidently inspired by Paul's quibble, "If the dead rise not from the grave then is our religion vain." Lincoln once referred to this kind of reasoning by saying, "I object to the assumption that my ambition is to have my son marry a negress, simply because I am struggling for emancipation." Mrs. Eddy may heal you, but that does not prove that her interpretation of Scripture is true.

Because this happens, that does not necessarily follow ☙ Neither, because a thing precedes a thing or goes with a thing, is the thing the cause of the thing.

On page five hundred and fifty-three is this: "Adam was

created before Eve. Herein it is seen that the maternal egg never brought forth Adam. Eve was formed from Adam's rib, not from a fœtal ovum."

In reading things like this in "Science and Health" let us not be too severe on Mrs. Eddy, but just bear in mind that such silly superstitions and barbaric folk-lore are yet officially believed by all Orthodox Clergymen and members of Orthodox Churches. You can accept a belief in Adam's fall and the vicarious atonement and still make money and have good health.

Page one hundred and two: "The mild forms of animal magnetism are disappearing, and its aggressive features are coming to the front. The looms of crime, hidden in the dark recesses of mortal thought, are every hour weaving webs more complicated and subtle ✍ So secret are its present methods that they ensnare the age into indolence, and produce the very apathy on this subject which the criminal desires."

This passage reveals the one actually dangerous thing in Christian Science—the fallacy that one mind can weave a web that will work the undoing of another. This is the basis of a belief in witchcraft, and justifies the hangings at Salem.

On page one hundred and three I find this: "As used in Christian Science, animal magnetism or hypnotism is the specific term for error, or mortal mind. It is the false belief that mind is in matter, and both evil and good; that evil is as real as goodness, and more powerful. This belief has

not one quality of truth or good. It is either ignorant or malicious. The malicious form of animal magnetism ultimates in moral idiocy. The truths of immortal mind sustain man; and they annihilate the fables and mortal mind, whose flimsy and gaudy pretensions, like silly moths, singe their own wings and fall into dust.

"In reality there is no mortal mind, and consequently no transference of mortal thought and will power."

Page five hundred and two: "Spiritually followed, the book of Genesis is the history of the untrue image of God, named a sinful mortal ✍ This deflection of being, rightly viewed, serves the spiritual actuality of man, as given in the first chapter of Genesis. When the crude forms of human thought take on higher symbols and significations, the scientifically Christian views of the universe will appear, illuminating time with the glory of eternity."

I append these two passages simply as samples of "inspired literature." Any one who endeavors to understand such printed matter is headed for Bloomingdale. You must leave it alone absolutely or else accept it and read it with your mental eyes closed, mumbling it with your lips, and let your mind roam like a priest reading his breviary in the smoking apartment of a Pullman car.

The question then arises, "Is Mrs. Eddy sincere in putting forth such writings?"

And the answer is, she is most certainly sincere, and she is certainly sane. She is an honest woman. But she is not a clear or logical thinker, except on matters of finance and

business, and consequently she does not give forth a clear expression when she essays philosophy. In order to write lucidly you must think lucidly. Mrs. Eddy has no sense of literary values ❧ She is absolutely devoid of humor, and humor is only the ability to detect a little thing from a big one—to perceive a wrong adjustment from a right one. ¶ Style in literature is taste.

But the lack of style, taste and humor are general in mankind. The world has produced only a few great thinkers, and one of them was Darwin, a name which Mrs. Eddy mentions in "Science and Health" with reproach. Great writers are even more rare than great thinkers, because to write one must have not only the ability to think clearly, but the knack or technical skill to use the right word—the luminous word—and so arrange, paragraph and punctuate them that your meaning will be clear to average minds.

To say that Mrs. Eddy is not a thinker nor a writer, is not an indictment of the woman, although it may be a reflection on the mental processes of the people who think she is. To say that there are two million people reading Mrs. Eddy, also proves nothing, since numbers are no vindication. Over a hundred million people have kissed the big toe of St. Peter in Rome. And surely the Roman Catholic Church contains a vast number of highly educated people.

The things you do not know, you do not know. And Mrs. Eddy knowing nothing of literary style, knows nothing of literary art. Her prose and her poetry are worse than ordinary ❧ All inspirational poetry I ever read is rot and all

inspired paintings I ever saw are daubs. ¶ Mrs. Eddy should not be blamed for her limitations. Many people who are great in certain lines, labor under the hallucination that they are also great in others.

Matthew Arnold was a great writer, and he also thought he was a great orator. But when he spoke, his words simply fell over the footlights into the orchestra and died there. He could not reach the front row.

Most comedians want to play Hamlet, and all of us have heard girls attempt to sing who thought they could sing, and who were encouraged in the hallucination by their immediate kinsfolk ❧ ❧

Mrs. Eddy thinks she can write, and unfortunately she has been corroborated in her error by the applause of people who, not being able to read her book, kindly attribute the inability to their own limitations and not to hers, being prompted in this by the suggestion oft repeated by Mrs. Eddy, herself ❧ The resemblance of Mrs. Eddy's thought to that of Jesus was never noticed until Mrs. Eddy first explained the matter. ¶ Mrs. Eddy is not insane. Swedenborg was a civil engineer and a mathematician. He wrote forty books that are nearly as opaque as "Science and Health." ❧ If you write stupidly enough, some one will surely throw up his cap and cry "Great!" And others will follow the example and take up the shout, because it is much easier, as Doctor Johnson affirmed, to praise a book than to read and understand it. ¶ The custom of reading to a congregation in a dead or foreign language, which the listeners do not understand,

has never caused any general protest from the listeners. The scoffers are the only ones who have ever noticed the incongruity, and they do not count since they probably would not attend, anyway.

Next to reading from a book written in a dead language, is to read from a book that is unintelligible. To listen to such makes no tax upon the intellect, and with the right accessories is soporific, restful, pleasing and to be commended. If it does not supply an idea, it at least imparts a feeling.

Mrs. Eddy's success in literature arises from the extreme muddiness of her thinking and her opacity in expression. If she wrote fairly well, all could detect her mediocrity, but writing absolutely without rhyme or reason, we bow before her supreme assurance. The strongest element in men is inertia,—we agree rather than fight about it. We want health—Mrs. Eddy gives it to us—therefore "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," is the greatest book in the world. Sancta simplicitas!

EOPLE turn to Mrs. Eddy for relief just exactly as they formerly went to the doctor for the same reason. In addition to bodily health Mrs. Eddy gives joy, hope, worldly success; and even superior minds, seeing these practical results of Christian Science, move in the line of least resistance and are quite willing to accept the book, not troubled at all about its mediæval reasoning. ¶ In Ungania is a very great merchant who, not content with having the biggest store in the Kingdom, aspires to the biggest University ✍ The fact that the higher criticism is to him only a trivial matter, and really unworthy of the serious attention of a busy man, simply reveals human limitation. The specialist is created at a terrific cost, and that a person will be practical, shrewd, diplomatic and wise in managing the buying public and an army of employes, and yet know and love Walt Whitman, is too much to expect.

This keen and successful merchant, an absolute tyrant in certain ways, has his soft side and many pleasant qualities. Why any one should ever question the literal truth of the Bible is beyond his comprehension. He is convinced that "Leaves of Grass" is an obscene book, never having read it; yet he knows nothing about the third, eleventh and

thirteenth chapters of Second Samuel, having read the Book all his life.

He has a pitying, patronizing smile for any one who suggests that David was a very faulty man, and that possibly Solomon was not the wisest person who ever lived. "What difference does it make, anyway?" he testily asks.

If you work for him you have to agree with him, or else be very silent as to what you actually believe.

We often find an avowed and reiterated love for Jesus, the non-resistant, going hand in hand with a passion for war, a miser's greed, a lust for power and a thirst for revenge. There may be a prating about righteousness while the hand of the man is feeling for his sword-hilt, and his eye is locating your jugular.

The Ten Commandments are all rescinded in war time.

The New York "Evening Post" noted the peculiar fact that nine out of ten of the delegates at the late Peace Conference were theological heretics. As a rule Orthodox Christians stand for war, and also for capital punishment.

How do we explain these inconsistencies? We do not try to—they are simply facts in the partial development of the race ✍ ✍

Why millionaires should patronize the memory of Jesus is something no one can understand, save that things work by antithesis.

Mrs. Eddy is of the same shrewd, practical type as this merchant prince, just mentioned. She is the world's greatest woman-general. She has all the qualities that go to make

successful leadership. She is self-reliant, proud, arrogant, implacable in temper, rapid in decision, unbending, shrewd, diplomatic, and she is a good hater. At times she dismisses her critics with simply a look. No man can dictate to her, and few dare make suggestions in her presence. To move her, the matter must be brought to her attention in a way so that she thinks that she has discovered it herself. Then all credit must be hers. In all the Christian Science churches are various selections from her writings, and beneath every one is her name. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me!" is the one controlling edict breathed forth by her life and words.

She orders that whenever one of her hymns is announced, always and forever it must be stated that it is by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.

Always and forever, the "student" giving testimony, refers in terms of lavish praise and fulsome adulation to "Our Blessed Teacher, Guide and Exemplar, Mary Baker Eddy." God Almighty and Jesus occupy secondary positions in all Christian Science meetings ✍ Mrs. Eddy is mentioned five times to where They are once.

And I would not criticise this if Mrs. Eddy regarded Jesus as simply a great man in history and "God" as an abstract term referring to the Supreme Intelligence in Nature. But to her, God and Jesus are persons who dictate books, and very frequently she explains that her method of healing is exactly the same as that practiced by Jesus. Side by side with His words are hers. Passages from the Bible are read

alternately with passages from "Science and Health." If both were regarded as mere literature, this would be pardonable, but when we are told that both are "sacred" writ, and "damned be he who dares deny or doubt," we are simply lost in admiration for the supreme egotism of the lady. To get mad about it were vain—let us all smile ☙ Surely the imagination that can trace points of resemblance between Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and Jesus, the lowly peasant of Nazareth, is admirable.

Jesus was a communist in principle, having nothing, giving everything. He carried neither scrip nor purse. He wrote nothing. His indifference to place, pelf and power is His distinguishing characteristic.

Mrs. Eddy's love of power is the leading motive of her life; her ability to bargain is beautiful; her resorts to law and the subtleties of legal aid are strictly modern; and the way she ties up the title to her writings by lead-pipe-cinched copyrights reveals the true instincts of Connecticut.

This jealousy of her rights and the safeguarding of her interests are the emphatic features of her life, and set her apart as the antithesis of Jesus.

There is one character in history, however, to whom Mrs. Eddy bears a close resemblance—and that is Julius Cæsar, who was educated for the priesthood, became a priest and was Pope of Rome before he ventured into fighting and politics as a business.

Mrs. Eddy's faith in herself, her ability to decide, her quick intuitions, the method and simplicity of her life, her passion

for power, her pleasure in authorship—all these were the traits which exalted the name and fame of Cæsar. The inventor of the calendar ordered that it should be known as the "Julian Calendar," and it is so called, even unto this day ☙ ☙

Once Carlyle sat smoking with Milburn, the blind preacher. ¶ They had been discussing the historicity of Jesus.

Then they sat smoking in silence.

Finally, Tammas the Techy, knocked the ashes out of his long clay t. d. and muttered, half to himself and half to Milburn, "Ah, a great mon, a great mon—but he had his limitations!"

The same remark can truthfully be applied to Mrs. Eddy. And about the only point that Jesus and Mrs. Eddy have in common is this matter mentioned by Carlyle.

The superior shrewdness and the keen business instinct of Mrs. Eddy are seen in the use of the words "Christian" and "Science." The sub-title, "With Key to the Scriptures," is particularly alluring. And the use of the Oxford binding was the crowning stroke of commercial insight. Surely Mrs. Eddy must command our profound respect. She is a very great business genius.

The recent attempt to deprive this woman of her power and of her property, in this land which essentially stands for the divine right of property, was most happily frustrated by Mrs. Eddy herself, when she invited the Master in Lunacy to her house. His questioning of her as to the relative difference between bonds and stocks as safe investments threw the

prosecution into the air. In wrathful disappointment Jaggers (of Jaggers & Jaggers), for the prosecution, hastily bundled up his papers, jammed his high hat over his ears, and informed the reporters that he intended to wait until the woman was dead and then "bust her will."

This decision not to fight the woman until she was dead, showed the good sense of Jaggers. It was unlawyerlike in Jaggers to say so, but the act is wise withal, since the will of the living woman has never been successfully attacked.

MARY BAKER EDDY

OHN HENRY NEWMAN became a Catholic, saying he found no place in literature or art to rest his head ❧ His reward for not finding a place in literature or art for his head was the red hat. ¶ Let the followers of Mrs. Eddy take comfort in the fact that their great teacher has plenty of high precedent for believing that Adam was created by fiat, and Eve was made from his rib, all the fiat being used; that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still and it obeyed, even when the order should have been given to the earth; that Lazarus was raised from the dead after his body had become putrid; that witchcraft is a fact in nature; and that children can be born by the aid of one parent a little better than in the old-fashioned way.

These inconsistencies of absolute absurdity, existing side by side with great competence and sanity, are to be found everywhere in history.

Mrs. Eddy has excited the envy of the medical world in her demonstration that good health and happiness are the sure results of getting rid of the doctor habit; but they got even with her when she said that virgin motherhood would yet become the rule, and tilling of the soil would cease to be a necessity.

Mrs. Eddy can believe in the Mosaic account of creation

and still be a great financier—there is plenty of precedent here ☙ ☙

St. Augustine thought, as did most of the early Churchmen, that to do evil that good might follow was not only justifiable, but highly meritorious. So they preached hagiology to scare people into the narrow path of rectitude.

Chapman, Alexander, Torrey, Billy Sunday and most other professional evangelists believe in and practice the same doctrine.

The literary conscience was a thing known in Greece, but only recently, say within two hundred years, has it been again manifest, and as yet it is rare. It consists in the scorn and absolute refusal to write a line except that which stands for truth.

The artistic conscience that refuses to paint for hire or model on order, is the same. Wagner, Millet, Rembrandt, William Morris and Ruskin are examples of men who refused, and in fact were incapable of anything but their highest and best in creative work.

Such men may be without conscience in a business way. And a person may be absolutely moral in all his acts of life, excepting in writing and talking, and here he may be slipshod and uncertain.

Mrs. Eddy is without literary conscience, just as much as was Gladstone when he attempted to reply to Ingersoll in "The North American Review," and resorted to sophistry and evasion in lieu of logic.

Absolute truth to Gladstone was a matter of indifference—

expediency was his shibboleth. Truth to Mrs. Eddy is a secondary matter; the two really important things are Health and Success.

Health and Success are great things to have too, but I wish to secure them only through the expression of truth. If you gag my tongue, chain my pen and cry, "Believe and you will have Health," I would say, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Mrs. Eddy asks you to buy her book, "Science and Health." When the volume is handed to you, you are promised health and success if you believe its every word; and if you don't, you are threatened with "moral idiocy." It is the old promise of Paradise, and the threat of Hell in a new guise.

I decline the book.

MARY BAKER EDDY

TEPHEN GIRARD was a great merchant who had a great love of truth, but if he had been in a retail business his zeal for truth might have been slightly modified ✍ ✍

As a rule the world of humanity can be divided into two parts: the practical men and the searchers for truth. Usually the latter have nothing to lose but their heads. Spinoza, Galileo, Bruno, Thomas Paine, Walt Whitman, Henry Thoreau, Bronson Alcott are the pure type. Then comes Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson, crowded out of their pulpits, scorned by their Alma Mater, pitied by the public —yet holding true to their course. And lo! they grew rich, whereas, if they had stuck close to the shore and safety, they would have been drowned in the shallows of oblivion. ¶ On the other hand, we find in the directorate of The Standard Oil Company, John D. and William Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler and General Miller of Baptist Sunday School fame. All these men are zealous members of orthodox churches, giving large sums in support of the "gospel," and taking an active interest in its promulgation.

Huxley, Darwin and Spencer are absolutely outside of the orbit of these good men. All of them say with J. Pierpont

Morgan, "My mother's religion is good enough for me." ¶ So here we get great practical shrewdness combined with minds, that so far as abstract truth is concerned, are simply prairie-dog towns.

These men belong to a type that will cling to error as long as it is soft, easy and popular.

Most certainly these men are not fools—they are highly competent and useful in their way. But as for superstition, they find it soothing; it saves the trouble of thinking, and all their energies are needed in business. Religion, to them, is a social diversion, with a chance of salvation on the side. Inertia does not grip them when it comes to commerce—but in religion it does.

Lincoln once said that there was just one thing, and only one thing, that God Almighty could not understand: and that was the workings of the mind of an intelligent American juror ❧ ❧

Herbert Spencer says that Sir Isaac Newton was one of the six best educated men the world has seen. He was the first man to resolve light into its constituent elements. Voltaire says that when Newton discovered the Law of Gravitation he excited the envy of the scientific world. "But," adds Voltaire, "when he wrote a book on the Bible prophecies, the men of science got even with him."

Sir Isaac Newton defended the literal inspiration of the Scriptures and was a consistent member of the Church of England. Dr. Johnson was unhappy all day if he did n't touch every tenth picket of the fence with his cane as he walked down

town. ¶ Blackstone, the great legal commentator, believed in witchcraft, and bolstered his belief by citing the Scriptural text, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,"—thus proving Moses a party to the superstition. Sir Matthew Hale, Chief Justice of England, did the same.

Gladstone was a great statesman, and yet he believed in the Mosaic account of Creation, just as does Mary Baker Eddy. ¶ John Adams was a rebel from political slavery, but lived and died a worthy Churchman, subsisting on canned theology—and canned in England, at that.

Franklin and Jefferson were rebels from both political and theological despotism, but looked leniently on leeches and apothecaries.

Herbert Spencer had a free mind as regards religion, politics, economics and sociology, yet he was a bachelor, lived in the city, belonged to a club, played billiards and smoked cigars. Physical health was out of his reach, and with all his vast knowledge, he never knew why.

All through history we find violence and gentleness, ignorance and wisdom, folly and shrewdness side by side in the same person.

The one common thing in humanity is inconsistency. To account for it were vain. It is.

THE very boldness of Mrs. Eddy's claims creates an impetus that carries conviction. The woman believes in herself, and she also believes in the Power, of which she is a necessary part, that works for righteousness ❧ She repudiates the supernatural, not by denying "miracles" but by holding that the so-called miracles of the Bible really occurred and were perfectly natural—all according to Natural Law which is the Divine Law. And the explanation of this Divine Law is her particular business. Thus does she win to her side those who are too timid in constitution to forsake forms and ceremonies and stand alone on the broad ground of Rationalism.

Christian Science is not a religion of fight, stress and struggle. Is n't it better to relax and rest and allow Divinity to flow through us, than to sit on a sharp rail and call the passer-by names in falsetto?

May Irwin's motto, "Don't Argufy," is n't so bad as a working maxim, after all.

All Christian denominations are very much alike. Their differences are microscopic, and recognized only by those who are immersed in them.

Martin Luther only softened the expression of the Roman Catholic Church—he did not change its essence. Benjamin

Franklin declared he could not tell the difference between a Catholic and an Episcopalian. But Christian Science is a complete departure from all other denominations, and while professing to be Christian is really something else, or if it is Christian, then orthodoxy is not.

Christian Science strikes right at the root of orthodoxy, since it divides the power of Jesus with Mary Baker Eddy and affirms that Jesus was not THE Savior, but A Savior. This is the position of Thomas Paine, and all other good radicals. Christian Science places Mrs. Eddy's work right alongside of the Bible.

No denomination has ever put out a volume stating that the book was required in order to make the Bible intelligible. No denomination has ever put forth a person as the equal of Jesus. This has only been done by unbelievers, atheists and free thinkers. Christianity is at last attacked in its own house and by its own household.

It is thoroughly understood and admitted everywhere that there are two kinds of Christianity. One is the kind taught by the Nazarene; and the other kind, the institutional denominations which hold millions upon millions of dollars' worth of property without taxation, and parade their ritual with rich and costly millinery. The one was lived by a Man who had not where to lay His head, and the other was an acquirement taken over from pagan Rome, and continued largely in its pagan form even unto this day.

Christian Science is neither one nor the other, and the obvious pleasantry that it is neither Christian nor scientific,

is a jest in earnest. Christian Science is a modern adaptation of all that is best in the simplicity and asceticism of Jesus, the commonsense philosophy of Benjamin Franklin, the mysticism of Swedenborg, and the bold pronunciamento of Robert Ingersoll. It is a religion of affirmation with a denial-of-matter attachment. It is a religion of this world.

Jesus was a Man of Sorrows, but Mary Baker Eddy is a Daughter of Joy. And as the universal good sense of mankind holds that the best preparation for a life to come, if there is one, is to make the best of this, Christian Science is meeting with a fast-growing popular acceptance.

The decline of the old orthodoxy is owing to its clinging to the fallacy that the world's work is base, and nature a trickster luring us to our doom.

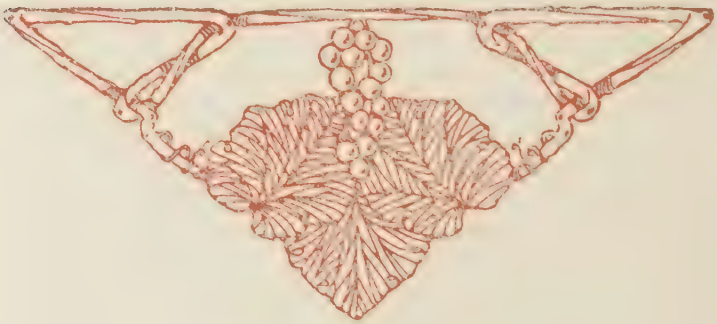
Mrs. Eddy reconciles the old idea with the new and makes it mentally palatable. And this is the reason that Christian Science is going to sweep the earth and in twenty years will have but one competitor, the Roman Catholic faith.

Orthodoxy, blind, blundering, stubborn, senile, is tottering —the undertaker is at the door.

Indeed, the old idea of our orthodox friends that they were preparing to die, was literally true. The undertaker's name and business address attached to the front of many a city church is a sign too subtle to overlook. Not only was the undertaker a partner of the priest, but he is now foreclosing his claim.

Christian Science is not final. After it has lived its day, another religion will follow, and that is the Religion of

Commonsense, the esoteric religion which Mrs. Eddy herself lives and practices. As for her believers, she gives them the religion of a Book—two Books, the Bible and "Science and Health." They want form and ritual and temples. She gives them these things just as doctors give sweetened water to people who still demand medicine, and as if to supply the zealous converts, just out of orthodoxy, their fill of ecclesiastic husks, she builds fine churches—churches rivaling the far famed San Salute of Venice. Let them have their wish! Paganism is in their blood—they are even trying to worship her! Let them go on and eventually they will pray not in temples nor on this or that mountain, but in spirit and in truth, just as does Mary Baker Eddy, the most successful woman in the world today.



MARY BAKER EDDY

HRISTIAN SCIENCE is orthodox Christianity, minus medical fetich and the fear that a belief in sin, sickness, death and eternal punishment naturally lend, plus the joy of a natural, healthy, human life.

The so-called rational Christian sects preserve their Devil in the form of a Doctor, and Hell in the shape of a Hospital.

My hope and expectation is that Christian Science will become a Rational Religion instead of a one-man institution, or a religion of authority, such as it now is. Its superstitious features have doubtless been strong factors in its rapid growth—serving as stays or stocks to aid in the launching. But now, the sooner the ship floats free the better.

Christian Scientists, being men and women, cannot continue to grow if fettered with an index expurgatus and mandatory edicts and encyclicals. That which binds and manacles must go—the good will remain.

Christian Science brings good news, and good news is always curative ❧ Mrs. Eddy animates her patients with a new thought—the thought of harmony, the denial of disease and the affirmation that God is good, and life is beautiful. The animation thus produced is in itself the most powerful healing principle known to science. Life is born of love. Joy is a

prophylactic. Christian Science comes to the "student" as a great flood of light. His circulation becomes normal, his muscles relax, the nerves rest, digestion acts, elimination takes place—and the person is well.

Fear has congested the organs—love, hope and faith place them in an attitude so Nature plays through them ☙ The patient is healed. In it there is neither mystery nor miracle. It is all very simple. Let us rid ourselves of a belief in the strange and occult!

The Christian Science organization is an expediency. It is an intellectual crutch. The book is a necessity. It is a scaffolding. ¶ Yet he who mistakes the scaffolding for the edifice is a specialist in scaffolding. Truth can never be caught and crystallized in a formula. Also this: truth can never be monopolized by an "Ite" or an "Ist." Eventually the label will be eliminated with the scaffolding, and the lumber of ritual and rite will have to go. We will live truth instead of talking about it.

Among Christian Scientists there are no drunkards, paupers or gamblers. Also, there are no sick people. To them sickness is a disgrace. Orthodox Christians get sick and gratify their sense of approbation by receiving pastoral calls and visits from the doctor and neighbors. The biblical injunction to visit the sick was never followed by Mrs. Eddy—she has always decided for herself just what injunctions should be waived and what followed. Those which she does not like she interprets spiritually or glides over.

The biblical statement that man's days are few and full of

trouble, and also the assertion that man is prone to wickedness as the sparks fly upwards, are both very conveniently glossed ❧ ❧

Christian Scientists know the rules of health, just as most people do; but what is more, they follow them, thus avoiding the disgrace of being pointed out. They have made sickness not only tabu, but invalidism ridiculous. When things become absurd and preposterous, we abandon them ❧ Unpopularity can do what logic is helpless to bring about. ¶ The reasoning of Christian Scientists is bad, but their intuitions are right. While denying the existence of matter, no people on earth are as canny, save possibly the Quakers. A bank balance to a Christian Scientist is no barren ideality. It is like falsehood to a Jesuit—a very present help in time of trouble. Sin, to them, consists in making too much fuss about life and talking about death. Do what you want and forget it. Quit talking about the weather, night air, miasma. ¶ Knowingly or unknowingly Christian Scientists cultivate resiliency. They are proof against drafts and microbes. Eat what you like, but not too much of it. Be moderate.

Christian Scientists get their joy out of their work. This is essentially hygienic. They breathe deeply, eat moderately, bathe plentifully, work industriously—and smile.

This is all sternly scientific. It can never be argued down. No school of medicine has ever offered a prophylactic equal to work and good cheer, and no system of religion has ever offered a working formula for health, happiness and success equal to that launched by Mrs. Eddy.

The science of medicine is a science of palliation. Christian Scientists avoid the cause of sickness, and thus keep well.

¶ There is no vitality in drugs. Nature cures—obey her.

In this matter of bodily health just a few plain rules suffice. And these rules, fairly followed, soon grow into a pleasurable habit

Fortunately, we do not have to oversee our digestion, our circulation, the work of the millions of pores that form the skin, or the action of the nerves.

Folks who get fussy about their digestion and assume a personal charge of their nerves, have "nerves," and are apt to have no digestion.

"I have a pain in my side," said the woman who had no money to the busy doctor.

"Forget it," was the curt advice.

Get the Health Habit, and forget it. And this is the quintessence of Christian Science.

Your mental attitude controls your body. Happiness is health. There is no devil but fear.

AS A MAN THINKETH IN HIS HEART SO IS HE.

HERE ENDETH VOLUME XXIII OF THE LITTLE JOURNEYS, THE SAME BEING TO THE HOMES OF GREAT TEACHERS, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. THE TITLE PAGE AND INITIALS DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, N. Y., MCMVIII

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